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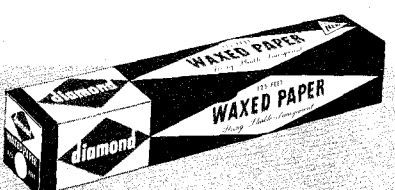

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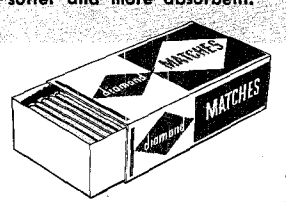

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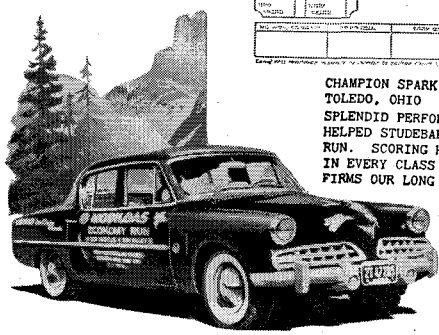

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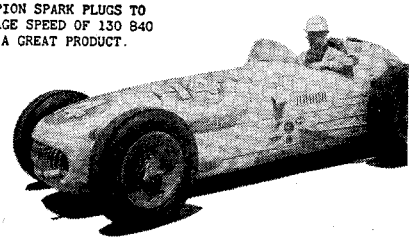

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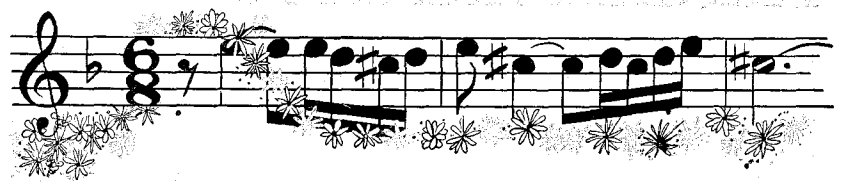
RECORDS



WHEN SUMMER TEMPERATURES soar, even the high-principled devotee of serious music will turn to light and entertaining tunes.

RCA Victor's *Memories of Jack Hylton* presents the once-famous English orchestra, unsurpassed in mellowness and precision, with a popular repertoire ranging from Ravel's *Bolero* to Rodgers and Hart's *With a Song in My Heart* (LPT 1013).

Vanguard records the light music of the Strauss brothers, Johann, Jr., and Josef, played by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra with a devotion usually given to a classic (*Polkas*, VRS 438 and *Waltzes, Polkas and Marches*, VRS 443). Quite different are the French military marches performed with inimitable vivacity and dash by the famous Band of La Garde Républicaine of Paris (Angel 35051). *Marches Around the World* (Vanguard VRS 7006) is a representative selection of band favorites from six countries.

Columbia recorded two current musicals with the original casts, the romantic tunes of *Kismet* featuring Alfred Drake (ML 4850), and *The Girl in Pink Tights* in which Jeanmaire, the French ballerina, conquers new fields (ML 4890). The same recording company revived the sparkling wit of both music and lyrics of Rodgers and Hart's *The Boys from Syracuse* (ML 4837) and highlights from the ever-fresh 75-year-old Viennese operetta *Boccaccio* by Franz von Suppé with soloists and orchestra of the Vienna State Opera (ML 4818). Franz Lehár's mellifluous operetta *The Land of Smiles* (Angel 3507B) is ideally performed by a superb European cast.

The *Songs of Paris in the Gay Nineties*, sentimental or impudent, are pleasantly brought back to life by well-known present-day French singers (Vanguard VRS 7008, 7011). *Folk Songs and Ballads* from many times and places, sung by none other than Helen Traubel, is just the right music for a summer night (RCA Victor LM 7013). And so is Jo Stafford's fine-toned interpretation of Robert Burns' Scottish poems set to music by Alton Rinker (*My Heart's in the Highlands*, Columbia CL 6274).

Sentiments in a different mood will be evoked by a musical oddity, Florence Foster Jenkins, of hilarious memory, desecrating great music in *A Florence! Foster!! Jenkins!!! Recital!!!!* (RCA Victor LRT 7000).

Those who do not want to miss the full orchestra tone, even in summer, can put on a record containing, with other pieces, the *Capriccios, Espagnol* and *Italien*, by Rimsky-Korsakov and Tchaikovsky, respectively, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (Columbia ML 4856); Morton Gould's *Tap Dance Concerto* and *Family Album* (Columbia ML 2215); the same composer's *American Concertette* (*Interplay for Piano and Orchestra*) and *Spirituals for Orchestra* (Epic LC 3021); or *American Life*, various aspects of the American scene interpreted musically by contemporary composers (SPA 47).

And the lover of Swing will spend many a pleasant evening with RCA Victor's great *Artie Shaw* album, a memorable collection from only yesterday (LPT 6000). —FRED BERGER

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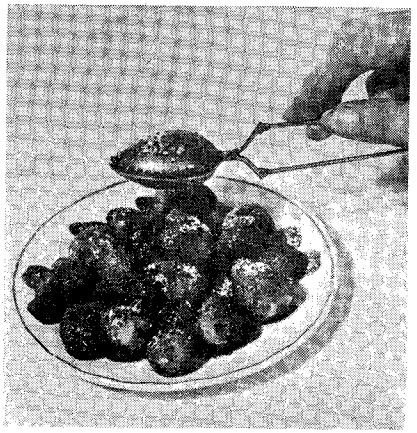
HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Kitchen Tricks

Use a discarded coffee percolator as a handy container for used fats. The inner coffee basket strains the drippings. Melting and pouring fat becomes easy.



A teaspoon strainer will distribute just the proper amount of powdered sugar over strawberries and pastry desserts when filled and shaken over the platter.

Mix the ingredients of your French salad dressing in a bottle, and attach a clothes sprinkler for shaking and distributing evenly over the salad bowl.

Getting tightly-packed pickles out of a jar has tantalized many a housewife. A simple solution is to bend the tines of a kitchen fork to facilitate spearing.

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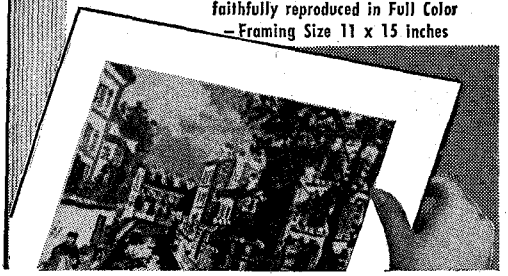

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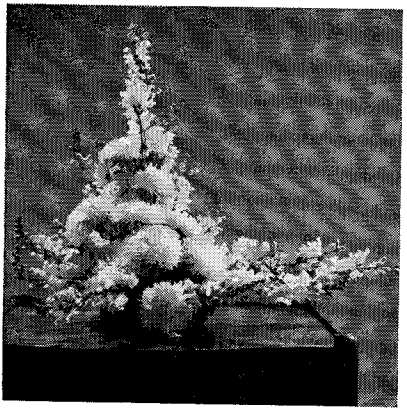
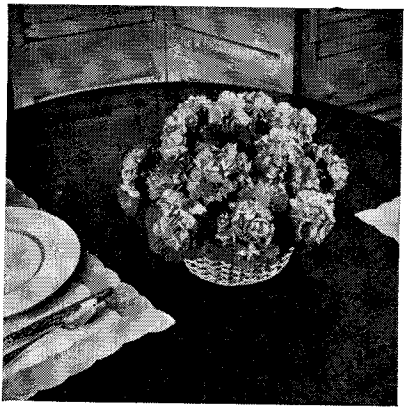
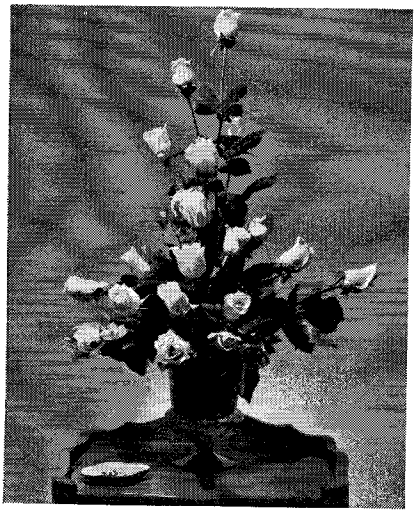
FLOWER PIECE



Round and spike flowers—chrysanthemums and snapdragons, for instance—can be arranged in a modified triangle for variety, ideal for TV set or table.



A simple basket holds geraniums and their own foliage in an oval design. Other garden flowers can be combined in such clusters, seen from all sides.



Roses displayed vertically in a glass bowl add height and beauty to a bedroom table. To attain, cut stems different lengths, place short roses in front.

For the foyer or living-room table, multi-colored gladioli spell welcome. The foliage is used to give a ribbon effect to this cheerful vertical array.

Arrangements by Alyn Wayne, official stylist for the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

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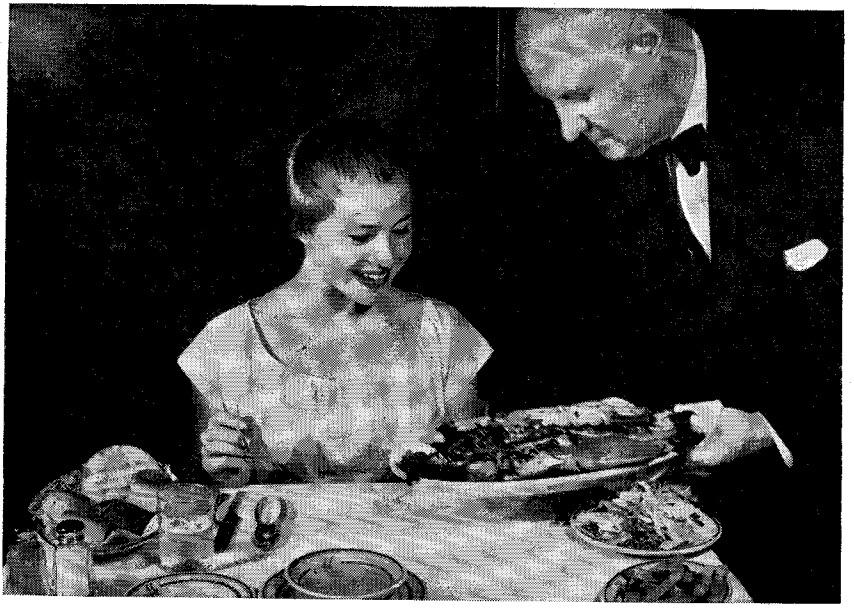
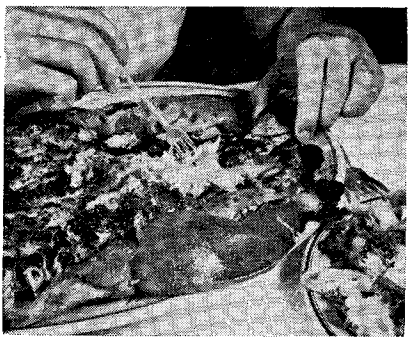
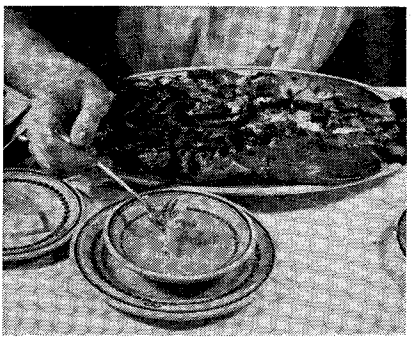


Lobster Techniques

Lobster, a gourmet's delight, usually confronts a novice with the problem of how best to tackle the bewildering array of claws and tail. These photos show a step-by-step lobster technique that will make for deft handling and good eating.



Remove the meat from the tail with the small fork. Large sections may be cut with knife and fork, like regular meat.



For flavoring, dip meat in melted butter. The green substance in the center of the body is the liver—edible and delicious.

Posed by actress Pat Stanley at Monte's Sea Food House, New York.

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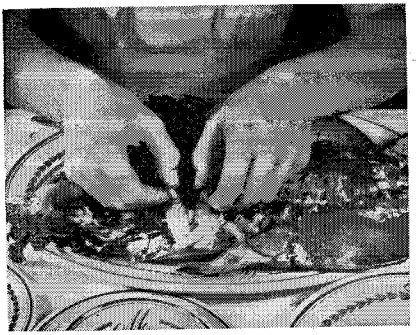

Next, using both hands, pick off the small claws. (You can't maintain a hands-off policy and get the best of a lobster.)

Suck the juices and tender meat morsels from the open end of each small claw, exactly as you sip a soda with a straw.

Twist off the large claws and break the shell with a nutcracker. In doing this, keep most of the meat in the larger piece.

Once the shell is cracked, pry the claw open with your fingers and, using a lobster fork, pick the meat out intact.

With the nutcracker, open the smaller part of the large claw, segment by segment, and remove meat with your fork.

With these steps, you need never be intimidated by a lobster: you'll get more out of it and it will even taste better.

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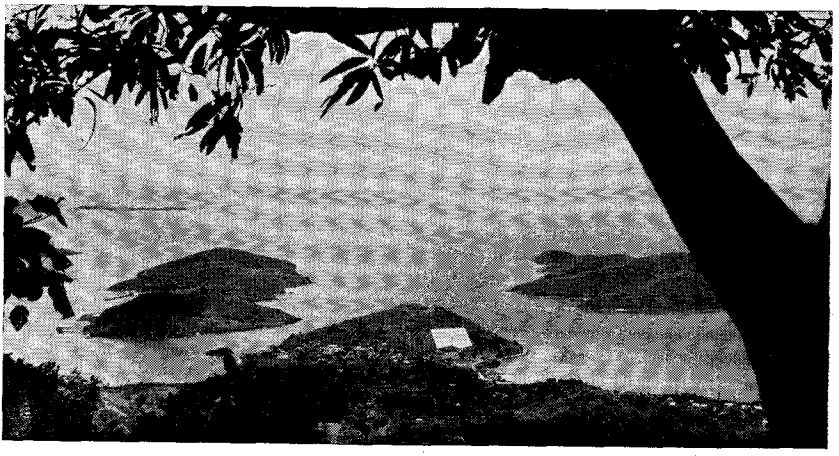
TROPIC MAGIC

GLITTERING IN THE SUN, the Caribbean islands of the Spanish Main—Cuba, Haiti, Jamaica, the Bahamas, Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, Dominican Republic—beckon, a few hours' flight away. Each isle casts its own spell. Off-season rates on all-inclusive package tours make the magic of the tropics your best bargain.



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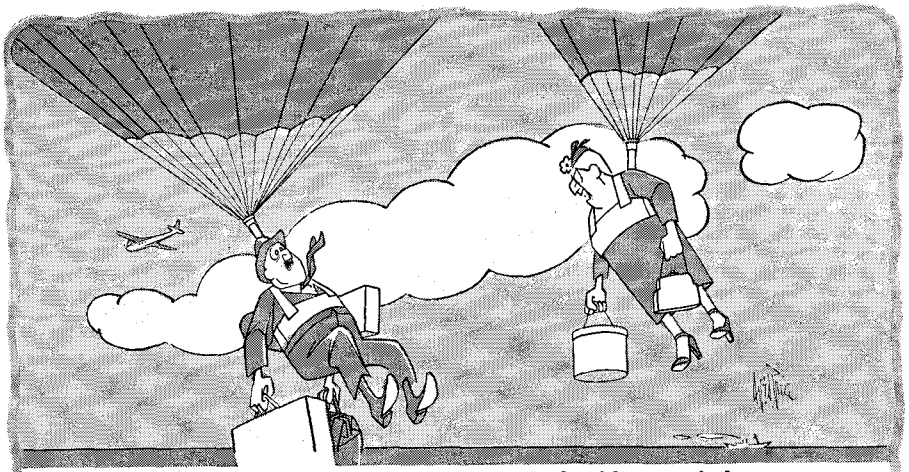

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Insist on American Express Travelers Cheques—the cheques that give you all these big *extras*:

- **On-the-spot refunds** of lost cheques at hundreds of American Express offices around the world!
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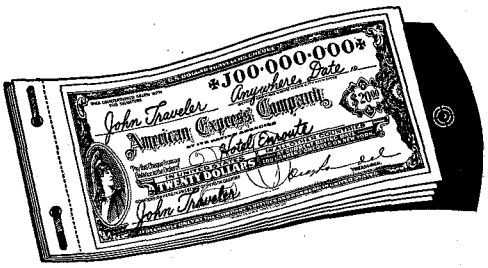
- **Holding and forwarding of mail** at American Express offices in the U.S.A. and abroad!



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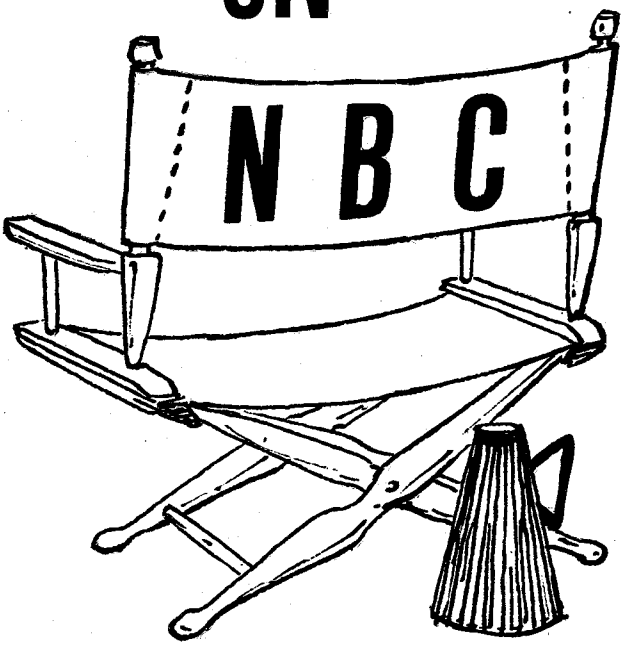

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For nineteen years, from the entertainment capital of the world, these three famous words have set the stage for superlative dramatic fare . . . presenting the finest motion picture successes for your listening—and more recently, viewing—enjoyment.

HOLLYWOOD"

This year, the stage is set in a new *location . . . on NBC Radio and Television.*

Now, on NBC . . . two outstanding hours of entertainment await you each week . . . offering two different motion picture hits brilliantly recreated . . . with two distinguished casts of Hollywood's brightest stars.

LUX RADIO THEATRE
Tuesdays, 9–10 pm, New York Time beginning September 14th

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Thursdays, 10–11 pm, New York Time beginning August 26th

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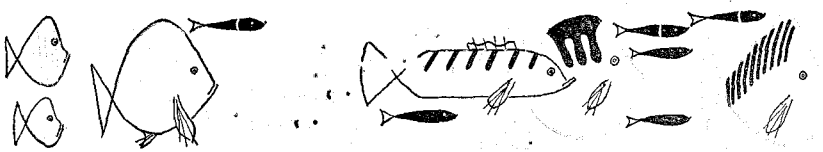

Grin and Share It

ON A TRIP in a glass-bottomed boat off famed Catalina Island in southern California, a naturalist-guide was describing to tourists the sea life below. As they watched various fish glide by underneath, the guide swiftly named the species and characteristics of each.

One lady tourist interrupted his monologue by impatiently asking, "Will we see any flying fish?"

The guide did not lift his eyes from the glass bottom nor discontinue his monologue except to say, "Madam, the fish are not rehearsed." —ROSE AUGUSTA MAYER

AS PART OF THEIR TRAINING, a company of recruits at a camp in one of the Southern states was ordered to march to another camp about 12 miles distant.

They tramped along bravely for some time, but being mostly Northerners the intense heat began taking effect. Meeting an old farmer, their captain hopefully asked how far it was to their destination.

"Well, son, I figure it's about 12 miles yet."

On they went until at last, thinking they must be nearing journey's end, the officer asked again, desperately, yet still hopeful of the answer.

"'Bout 12 miles," was the laconic reply.

Leaning weakly against a convenient tree, the captain wiped his streaming face and exclaimed fervently, "Thank Heaven, we're not losing ground!" —CLEVE FITCH

PETER BARRY, the mystery story writer, was walking through the Central Park Zoo when he stopped to watch an attendant feed assorted buckets of potato peelings, apple cores, meat scraps and lettuce leaves to the hippopotamus.

"Do you enjoy your work?" Pete asked.

"Yeah, the hippos are okay," admitted the attendant. "It's them octopuses that drive me crazy. If I ain't watchin' 'em every minute, there they go strollin' off down Lovers' Lane, *arm in arm in arm in arm in arm in arm*—"

—VIC FREDERICKS, *Crackers In Bed*, (Frederic Fell)

AN UPPER NEW YORK STATE guide was rowing a party of ladies across the lake when one asked him the name of a mountain they were passing.

"That's Ampersand," he said.

"How do you spell it?" she asked.

"That's the hell of it, ma'am," replied the guide. "I can climb it, but I can't spell it." —*Living Adventures in Science*, by HENRY & DANA LEE THOMAS

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NON-FATTENING...DELICIOUS
the ideal sweetener for
iced tea or coffee...

SWEETA

"SWEETA" IS A TRADEMARK.

Look for this SQUIBB package at your drugstore

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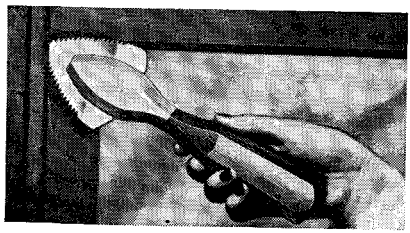
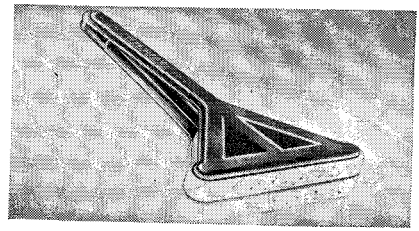
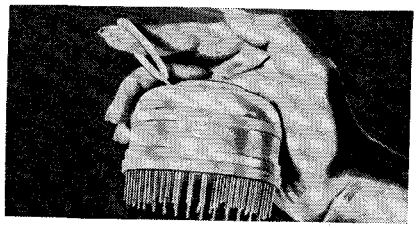


ANY OBSTINATE windows in your house? Windo-Wizard's saw-teeth will cut away obstructions so windows open easily. $1. Rene-Craft Products, 106 Owens Bldg., Wilmette, Illinois.

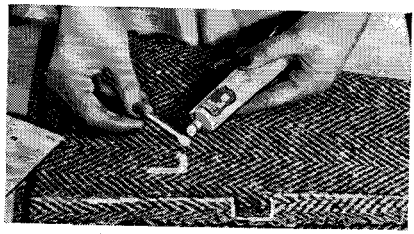


VENETIAN BLIND Cleaner, $1.55, washes both sides of slat with a few strokes. Sponge-rubber facing picks up dirt or puts on wax. Thoresen's, Dept. CR-865-B, 352 Fourth Ave., N.N.Y. 10, N.Y.

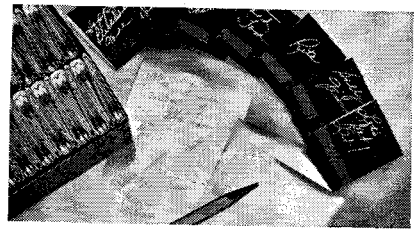


FILL SHAMPLICATOR with your shampoo, squeeze amount you want on your hair, and you're ready to massage with 88 plastic fingers. $1, Mastercraft, Dept. P, 212 Summer, Boston 10, Mass.

STORE SHOES, hats, *anything* on sturdy steel Multi-Purpose Shelves, 9″ deep, length adjustable, 14½″ to 28″. $1.39 per shelf. Elron Products, Dept. C, 219 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.



JOHNSON'S D/C Fabric Mender patches burns, rips and holes in any wool or cotton fabric. Guaranteed to withstand dry-cleaning. $1 per tube. Hughes Co., 529 East 85 St., N.Y. 28, N. Y.



FOR $1.80, Bodine's, Dept. C, 444 Belvedere Ave., Baltimore, Md., sends you box of 50 black match books and special paper so you can inscribe names and messages in gold on book covers.

(*Continued on page 22*)

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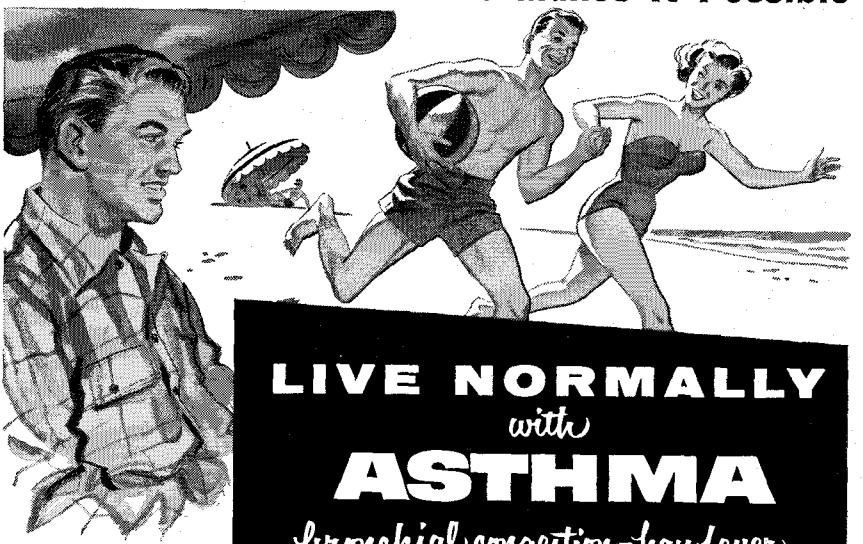
NOW — Modern Science Makes It Possible



LIVE NORMALLY with ASTHMA

bronchial congestion-hay fever

BREATHEASY means no longer do the difficulties of asthma require you to lead a "different" life. Thanks to modern science a simple BREATHEASY home treatment is available to give you positive, long-lasting results almost instantly.

BREATHEASY the asthma first aid kit, so simple and safe to use you can get it at leading drug stores anywhere without prescription, plays the leading role in this modern oral home therapy. This kit contains the patented BREATHEASY nebulizer and a compound which doctors recognize as one of the most effective formulas available for relief of asthma and bronchial spasms.

BREATHEASY chemists designed and developed the nebulizer that's proved to be the most effective means of getting the BREATHEASY formula directly to the source of trouble—deep into the lungs and bronchial tubes. That's the secret of the guaranteed BREATHEASY home treatment which offers you "normal living" at a minimum cost.

BREATHEASY complete oral home therapy kit with three months' supply of comforting medication is available for $12.50. Additional BREATHEASY formula costs only $1.50.

This first aid kit for asthma must be more effective than any other product you have used or your money is refunded.

ASK FOR GENUINE

Breatheasy

AT YOUR DRUGSTORE—or write Breatheasy, Seattle 9, Washington

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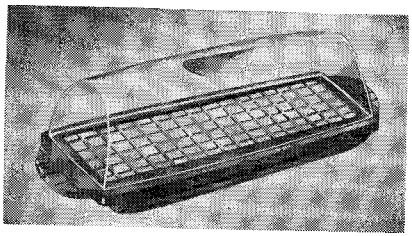
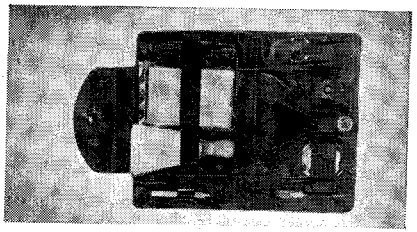
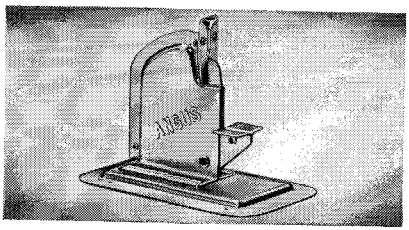


BUTTERMASTER, $1.98, has a special chemical sealed in the bottom to keep butter from getting soggy on table or hardening in refrigerator. H. B. Hollander, 115 Central Pk. W., N.Y. 23, N.Y.

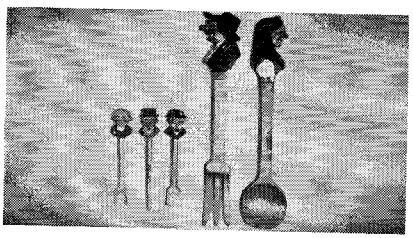


BOTTLE-OPENER, whisk broom, windshield cloth, ice-scraper, screw driver, comb, flashlight, pencil, sewing kit come in Kar-Kare-Kit, $2.95. Zoe Steele, Rm. 501, 10 E. 39 St., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

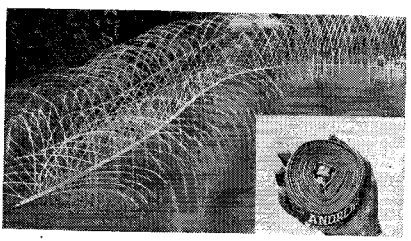


PUT THE NEEDLE in one slot, thread in another, press the lever, and your needle is threaded. Angus Automatic Needle Threader, $1. Angus Co., Dept. C, 15 Kneeland St., Boston 11, Mass.

RITE-N-RAISE Home Embossing Set raises handwriting for a 3-D effect on stationery, greeting cards, announcements. $1, gold or silver. Surprise Specialties, D-210 Fifth Ave., New York.



HANDCARVED salad set is imported from Italy, $2 complete. Five colorfully painted pieces for salad, salt, mustard and hors d'oeuvres. Cee & Ray, Dept. A, 1430 55 St., Bklyn. 10, N.Y.



TWO-TUBE plastic hose sprinkler works around curves, on uneven ground, saves labor and time. In lengths from 20 to 100 ft., $2.50 to $8.75. Andrews X-250 Jackson St., Carterville, Illinois.

(*Continued on page 24*)

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A CORONET 15TH ANNIVERSARY PRODUCTION

JOHNNY APPLESEED

a legend of frontier life

Coronet Films now brings you a delightful and inspiring story of American folklore—Johnny Appleseed. Here is a motion picture that reflects the real spirit and flavor of growing America during the first half of the 19th century . . . told against the exciting background of the westward expansion into Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. It was Johnny's great love of God and nature that started him on a lifelong mission and made his name known throughout the land.

This Coronet 15th-anniversary production is sure to be welcomed by educational film users, along with such other famous titles as *The Ugly Duckling, Abraham Lincoln, Mary Had A Little Lamb* and many, many others. Ask for your copy of the 1954-1955 Coronet Catalogue, which describes 546 of the finest in educational films. Address all requests to:

Coronet Films

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Coronet Building
Chicago 1, Illinois

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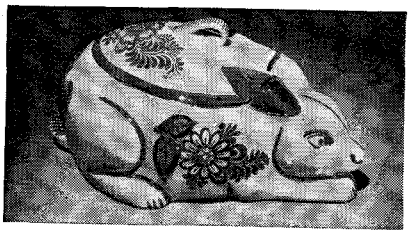
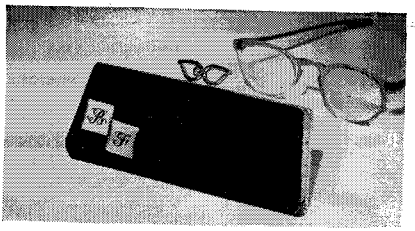
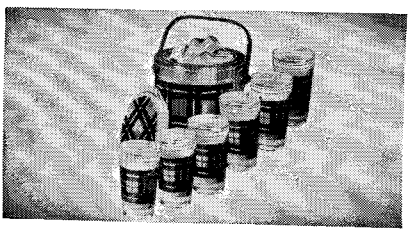


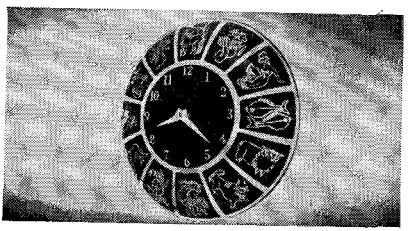
BUNNY CASSEROLE costs $2.50 for 2-pint size, $3.75 for 3½-pint size. Of flame-proof pottery for cooking, serving, decoration. Old Mexico Shop, 110 Don Gaspar Ave., Santa Fe, N.M.



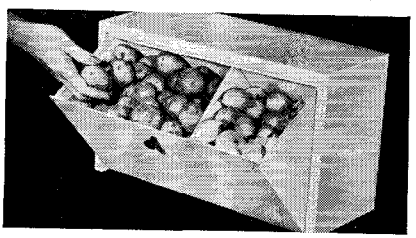
YOU WILL never lose *this* glass case. Initials in black-enamel finish make it permanently, personally yours. Black or purple velvet, $3. Merrill-Ann Creations, 104 Warren St., N.Y. 7, N.Y.



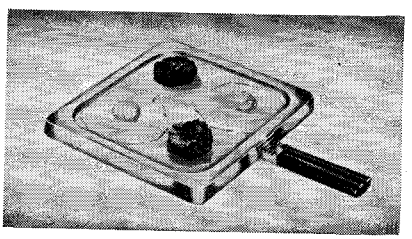
GALLON-SIZE Skotch Kooler, watertight, alcohol resistant, holds over 70 ice cubes. Comes with 6 matching glasses. $5, plus 50c postage. Unique Gifts, Box 164-C, Glen Ridge, N.J.



SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC, in gold, decorate unusual black glass clock. Self-starting electric movement, one-year guarantee, $12.50. Loro, Dept. B, 110-12 64th Ave., Forest Hills 75, L.I., N.Y.



TATER-BIN holds 5 pounds of potatoes in one compartment, 3 pounds of onions in the other. Of baked enamel, to hang on wall, stand on shelf. $7.95. Renard, 42 W. 26 St., N.Y. 10, N.Y.



GIANT TURN-ABOUT Griddle-Grill, 10½″ by 11″, broils on ribbed side, fries on flat side. Use on any stove. Aluminum, $4.98. Fireside Corp. C, 916 E. Wayne St., South Bend 17, Ind.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated.

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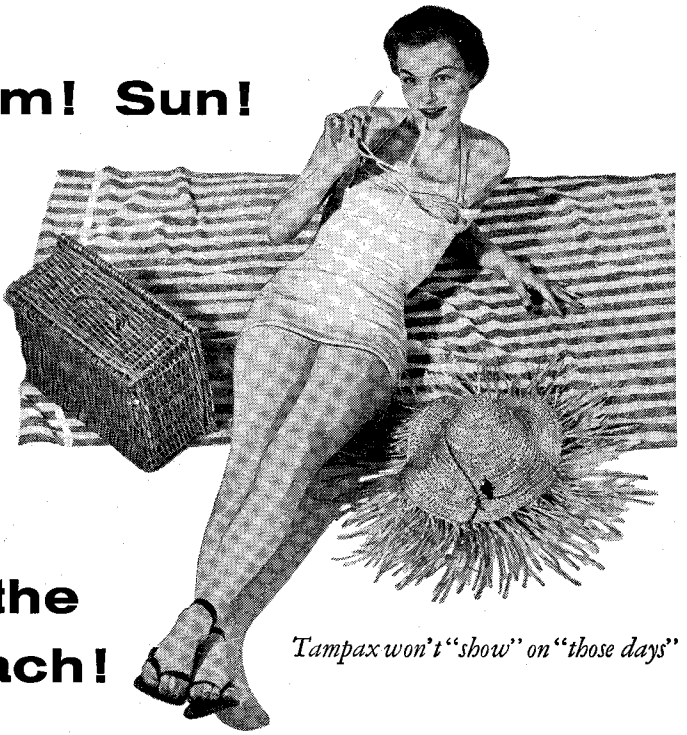
Swim! Sun!



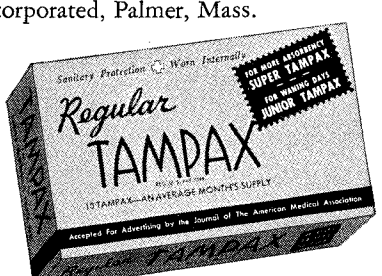
Lie on the beach!

Tampax won't "show" on "those days"

Tampax and bathing suits were made for each other! You can scarcely think of a bulky external pad in connection with today's sleek suits, but Tampax is different. It's *internal* sanitary protection—is actually invisible, once it's in place.

Tampax and sun-bathing were made for each other! The hotter it gets, the more need for Tampax. For this modern sanitary protection actually *prevents odor from forming!* And you'll surely be delighted to learn that Tampax never chafes or irritates. The wearer doesn't even feel it!

Tampax and beaches were made for each other! Yes! you can even go swimming while wearing Tampax. Think what that means during vacation days. You don't even need to worry about taking along extra protection. A whole month's supply of Tampax can be slipped into the purse. Then, too, (and this is important!) Tampax is very easy to dispose of. Get a package *this month!* At drug or notion counters. 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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TRAVELER !

This young lady,
just like her Mom and Dad,
knows that the green and white
Registered Rest Room sign out in front
of a Texaco service station means
this is the best place to stop.
A place that's always nice and neat
and clean. She can count on that
and so can the millions of other
highway travelers in all 48 states.
Registered Rest Rooms are another
Texaco Dealer service for you and
all of America's motoring families.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

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SANDWICH IDEAS...from the KRAFT Kitchen

Old favorite goes modern!

TWO TONE CLUB

To give this most beloved of sandwiches a "new look"—make the middle slice of bread whole-wheat, the other two, white. All with crusts trimmed. To give it exciting, new flavor—spread all three with Miracle Sandwich Spread. Use sliced chicken and lettuce for the bottom layer; tomato slices and broiled bacon for the top.

Made by Kraft, Miracle Sandwich Spread gets that exciting flavor from the *one and only* Miracle Whip Salad Dressing plus special spicy relishes. Always ready, easy to use, low in price, better try Miracle Sandwich Spread—and soon.

Miracle Sandwich Spread is also available in Canada

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EIGHTEENTH YEAR Coronet AUGUST 1954

Build Your Own JOB SECURITY

by AUREN URIS

For many years Auren Uris has specialized in the field of leadership and human relations. To this work he brings his wide personal experience in industrial management. His present position on the staff of the Human Relations Division of the Research Institute of America has made available to him the leadership experience of hundreds of organizations and thousands of business executives. He is the author of "Improved Foremanship," "Working with People" and "How to Be a Successful Leader."
—The Editors

YOU ARE A WAGE EARNER. And nowadays, hearing some pessimistic talk about business, you may feel a little shaky about things. But you shouldn't. For many individuals, this will be a period of opportunity: you can be among those to win advancement, pay increases and, at the same time, increased job security. Here's why:

Business leaders will have to depend more on your experience and abilities to help the company over the bumps. You will find your boss eager to get your quality-improving suggestions. And you will be complimented for an idea that will help lop a few dollars off operating costs.

How do you go about building up your chances in the present situation? Starting point is an analysis of the danger spots that exist in the average job, the things that swing the balance *for* or *against* you in the eyes of an employer.

Below is a self-rating quiz based on a survey which asked employers which qualities they most looked for in employees. See how well you have been doing up to now in seven key job areas. You will find the answers, directions for scoring and an evaluation of your score following the test. Make your answers as honest as possible. The more accurate your replies, the clearer the picture of the strength and weakness of your present position.

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I. DEADLINE-CONSCIOUSNESS. That's the way one company president described his first choice. Other employers used "dependability," "ability to get the work out," "willingness to pitch in."

	Usually	Occasionally	Never
1. Does it give you real satisfaction to complete a job ahead of schedule?	_____	_____	_____
2. Do you get your work in ahead of time?	_____	_____	_____
3. Are you able to maintain a satisfactory quality of work—neat, accurate, error-free, etc.—in the face of deadline pressure?	_____	_____	_____
4. There's a rush job to be finished but you have a personal engagement. Do you cancel the date?	_____	_____	_____
5. You have an eight-hour job to finish in eight hours. Can you put on steam at the *beginning* rather than at the last minute?	_____	_____	_____

II. OBSTACLE-BUSTING, said one executive, "is the quality I look for in every man in my organization." To describe the same quality, other executives used such terms as "drive" and "aggressiveness."

	Yes	No
1. Do you think of yourself as having an abundant supply of physical energy?	_____	_____
2. Do you get a real bang out of smacking down roadblocks—human or otherwise—that keep you from completing a task?	_____	_____
3. Do you prefer to tackle a tough assignment and get it over with, rather than delay?	_____	_____
4. Do you ever lend a co-worker a hand just for the pleasure of getting a job done?	_____	_____
5. Do you keep plugging away at a job in spite of temporary setbacks?	_____	_____

III. JOB KNOW-HOW was the answer of one top executive. Those who agreed with him were generally managers of companies facing no great stress, but with the problem of competition always present. "Familiarity with the work," "mastery of the job," "fully experienced" were some of the other phrases used to cover the same point.

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	Yes	No
1. To turn in a top performance, have you absorbed all the training available from—		
(a) your superior?	_____	_____
(b) your fellow-employees?	_____	_____
(c) company or outside training facilities?	_____	_____
2. Do you like to discuss your job problems with your boss?	_____	_____
3. Do others in your company, doing the same type of work, come to you for help?	_____	_____

IV. ABILITY TO PRODUCE NEW IDEAS rated high on the list. "Resourcefulness," "ingenuity," "ability to make helpful suggestions" some called it.

1. You're working hard on a task, and suddenly you come up against a tough problem. Which *one* of the following is your likely move? (a) Call for the boss. (b) Call on a colleague for his ideas or advice. (c) Start digging for the cause of the trouble on your own.
(a)_____ (b)_____ (c)_____

2. You feel that half-baked, undeveloped ideas . . . (a) are best discarded and forgotten. (b) can generally be made to pay off if discussed with your boss or colleagues. (c) are generally a dead end in your thinking and mean you're probably on the wrong track.
(a)_____ (b)_____ (c)_____

3. Which one of the three statements below comes closest to expressing your viewpoint? (a) "There's always a better way to do a job." (b) "When it comes to work procedures, I feel the old way is best." (c) "In the end, you lose time trying to find a new way."
(a)_____ (b)_____ (c)_____

4. Your boss says: "I've got a tough assignment that no one's been able to lick. Do you want it?" You say: (a) "Yes," and you're glad he's asked you. (b) "Yes," but you'd much rather he gave it to somebody else. (c) "No, if others have failed, I'd just be wasting time."
(a)_____ (b)_____ (c)_____

5. Whenever something upsets the progress of work in your department, you're usually the man who: (a) promptly calls the problem to the attention of the proper person. (b) helps the boss worry. (c) thinks, or asks: "Did anything like this ever happen before?"
(a)_____ (b)_____ (c)_____

V. FLEXIBILITY was the quality that got the vote of several employers. Words also used to describe the same quality: "adaptability," "versatility."

	True	False
1. You're somewhat of an innovator, like to try new methods both on and off the job.	_____	_____
2. "Newfangled" is apt to be the mental label you pin on an untested idea—a revision in your work methods, for example.	_____	_____

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	True	False
3. You fuss and fume when established routines are interrupted, or are changed by events beyond control.		
4. In a pinch, you can do practically any job in your department.		
5. You disagree with the old saw: "It's always unwise to change horses in midstream."		

VI. TROUBLE-SHOOTING is the most valuable ability an employee can have, was one assertion. "Alertness" was another word used for this.

	Yes	No
1. Do you have a reputation for being first to "smell something wrong" in the course of the work?		
2. Do you generally leave it to others in your work-group to track down the causes of various problems that crop up?		
3. Your superior gives you some orders. Are you able to spot in advance the points where trouble might develop in carrying them out?		
4. Do you feel nothing can really be done to eliminate the emotional upsets—frictions and irritations—that slow up work?		
5. Do you have an "eye for detail" that makes it easy for you to analyze a work procedure that is blocked by a hidden obstacle?		

VII. PERSONAL RELATIONS was one man's answer. What he was getting at was the personal relations of employees to *him*. Others used the word "loyalty"—to both company and the employer himself—to cover this.

	Yes	No
1. Do you feel free to disagree with your boss when you feel he's wrong?		
2. Has your boss a genuine personal liking for you?		
3. Do you generally avoid discussing personal or non-business matters with him during working hours?		

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	Yes	No
4. Is it proper for you to "pin medals" on the boss when he scores a business success?		
5. Are you likely to back up your boss in discussions or arguments with colleagues?		

The Answers

I. DEADLINE-CONSCIOUSNESS. For each question answered "Usually," give yourself 10 points. Rate yourself five points for each question answered "Occasionally." Each "Never" gets you zero.

II. OBSTACLE-BUSTING. Give yourself 10 points for each question answered "Yes."

III. JOB KNOW-HOW. Each "Yes" for question 1 earns you 10 points, ditto question 3. "No" wins the 10 points for question 2.

IV. ABILITY TO PRODUCE NEW IDEAS. The alternatives indicated below are the ones which really pay off, get you 10 points each: 1-c, 2-b, 3-a, 4-a, 5-c.

V. FLEXIBILITY. Give yourself 10 points for each of your answers that match with these. 1—True, 2—False, 3—False, 4—True, 5—True.

VI. TROUBLE-SHOOTING. Score yourself 10 points for each answer that coincides with these: 1—Yes, 2—No, 3—Yes, 4—No, 5—Yes.

VII. PERSONAL RELATIONS. You get 10 points for each question answered correctly: 1—Yes, 2—Yes, 3—Yes, 4—Yes, 5—Yes.

YOUR SCORE: After you have scored your answers, total each of the seven key areas separately.

	Totals
DEADLINE-CONSCIOUSNESS	
OBSTACLE-BUSTING	
JOB KNOW-HOW	
ABILITY TO PRODUCE NEW IDEAS	
FLEXIBILITY	
TROUBLE-SHOOTING	
PERSONAL RELATIONS	
GRAND TOTAL	

Compare your total score to this chart to see how you rate:

300-350, Excellent; 245-295, Good; Below 240, Poor

USING YOUR SCORE: Here's how to put your score to further use. Your total score, of course, gives you the over-all view. But turn back now to the *individual* ratings you scored in the seven basic areas. These totals can be especially useful to you. *30 or Over:* The qualities in which you rated from 30 to 50 are your strong points. But don't get complacent about them. True enough, in these areas you are headed in the

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right direction. Remember, however, that resting on your oars won't get you there. "More of the same" should be your guiding principle.

Below 30: Any quality in which you rated less than 30 is likely to be a personal weak point. Here's what you can do.

1. Go back over the questions in the low-score qualities. Let them spark your re-examination of your job performance. Check especially those that pulled down your score.

2. Look for the reasons for your incorrect answers. Let's say, for example, you didn't answer "Usually" to question 1, DEADLINE-CONSCIOUSNESS: "Does it give you real satisfaction to complete a job ahead of schedule?"

Ask yourself why not, ask yourself what you might do to get more satisfaction out of beating deadlines. And next time you have the opportunity to come in under the wire ahead of time, do so. See whether it doesn't really give your ego, as well as your job performance, a definite lift.

In the same way, analyze the reasons behind all your incorrect answers. In many cases, you will find a slight change in attitude, the new insight that focusing on the problem gives you, can make a substantial difference.

There's no mystery about how your employer rates you on your job. Analyze the answers given to the employer survey. You will find that most of what you do on your job is measured by a simple rule-of-thumb: just how much are you helping your boss run your outfit more smoothly, more productively and at a lower cost? The more you can help him, the more he will need you. Sounds simple—but it's true!

In Conversing with the Blind . . .

ABOVE ALL, do not use baby talk! Among the women I know is one who is generous in her offers to take me to places, but I refuse because she makes me feel like a moron by saying, "Now upsy-daisy," "Downsy-daisy," or "That's a good girl," so that anyone within 50 feet can overhear. . . . In meeting a blind person, greet him if practical with a handshake. . . . On being introduced for the first time, speak. The voice helps the blind person to identify an acquaintance or to judge a stranger. . . . In speaking, you need not raise your voice or confine yourself to words of one syllable: the blind are not necessarily deaf or mentally dull. . . . The word "see" need not be avoided. . . . A remark that makes a blind person very uncomfortable is, "I love to watch you, because you manage so well!". . . Please do not exclaim, "How wonderful!" over some accomplishment of a blind man that would be commonplace for the average person.

—JULIET BINDT, *A Handbook for the Blind* (Macmillan Co.)

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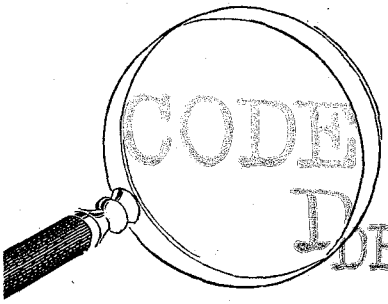

Abe Chess turns gamblers' secrets into evidence to convict them

by DAN PAONESSA

WHEN A NEW YORK CITY detective arrested a man suspected of taking bets on the numbers recently, the only evidence was a small card covered with meaningless pencil marks. The detective knew it would be impossible to convict the collector on what looked like a scrap of doodling.

"Take it to Abe Chess," another detective suggested. "If it's a code, Abe'll break it."

Abraham P. Chess, unofficial code-cracker for the New York police, went to work with a magnifying glass and counted over 1,000 light and dark lines on the paper. It didn't take him long to discover that the numbers code was based on a simple variation of Pitman shorthand and that this tiny piece of paper recorded nearly 100 numbers wagers. The astounded policy collector was convicted on Chess' testimony.

By day, Abraham Chess works for the Legal Bureau of the New York Police Department, serving as a prosecutor in the Magistrates Courts. At night he pursues his hobby of cryptography, and his spare-time deciphering of ingenious gamblers' codes has resulted in the conviction of hundreds of bookies, policy collectors and other gamblers.

The quiet, soft-spoken, 44-year-old lawyer became interested in codes at 18, after reading Edgar Allan Poe's "The Gold Bug." He made an exhaustive study of them, worked out mathematical charts as keys and tackled all the cryptograms he could get his hands on.

Chess put this exacting hobby to work for the police strictly by accident. Some 14 years ago a detective arrested a suspected policy collector. The detective found no evidence on the suspect except a sheet of music, perfectly staffed and scored. The puzzled detective was certain this was some sort of code, but there were no facilities at the police laboratory for deciphering cryptograms.

The police were stymied until another detective remembered that a young lawyer in the Legal Bureau knew all about cryptograms, and in desperation they sent the music score to Chess to tinker with.

When Chess played it on his piano that night the "music" was about as tuneful as the yowl of a romantic tomcat. Furthermore, the whole score was written on a ten note scale, which could be a symbol substitution for numbers from one to

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ten. Having recognized this factor, within seven hours he broke the code and found there were 10,000 bets on that one "music score."

Abe Chess is the son of an East Side dentist who died when Chess was only 18 months old. His devoted mother sold insurance to support her son and put him through school, although for a while it was uncertain if he would be able to get through.

He was born with contracted tendons, and not until there had been a series of painful operations and he was ten years old could he walk without artificial support.

Chess graduated from law school in the middle of the Depression, went to work as a law clerk for $5 a week, then took a Civil Service job in the Finance Department at $840 a year. On the side, he taught English to immigrants in night schools. He not only became principal of one of the night schools, but he also met a helpful and understanding teacher named Janet Leblang whom he married six years ago.

TODAY, CHESS LECTURES and teaches at the Police Academy and is a U.S. Army Reservist. He is also an amateur astronomer, but his first love is deciphering the complicated codes of bookies and policy collectors.

"Actually, there's nothing new in cryptography," says Chess, who averages eight hours to break a code. "The most baffling codes used by gamblers always fall into either of two categories: simple substitution or complex substitution. A simple substitution uses one symbol to represent a letter or number; a complex substitution involves a series of symbols for one letter or number, or a group of letters or numbers."

In cracking codes, Chess uses "frequency-of-occurrence" tables. In our alphabet, for instance, the letters "E" and "T," or a combination of "TH" and "HE," are most frequently used. When a symbol or letter occurs often in a coded message, the chances are that it is a substitution for either "E" or "T," which one depending upon the number of times it is used.

With this key, a cryptographer cracks his codes—if he has unlimited patience and persistence. And Abe Chess has.

But where a typical decoder's problem is to unscramble symbols or letters into a coherent message, Chess' unique job is very nearly the reverse. What look like coded messages usually turn out to be, after Chess has cracked them, a series of numbers—bets that policy collectors and bookies have taken.

Because of this, Chess doesn't find it necessary to know the language the code is built around. He simply identifies it, then uses a frequency-of-occurrence chart drawn up for that particular alphabet.

The deciphering of cryptograms often leads Chess into strange byways of linguistics. Once he was given a code so deceptively simple it took almost three hours to break. The suspected policy collector's code book contained series of words such as "*Senk twa dey dey wit yun twa twa.*"

Detective-like, Chess studies the backgrounds of policy suspects. And when he finally remembered that this one was from French West Africa it dawned on him that what looked like a complex code was

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simply French phonetic spelling.

The correct spelling of the above was: "*Cinq trois deux deux huit un trois trois*," which Chess broke down to read: "532—two-cent bet; 813—three-cent bet," and on through the entire code book.

One of the biggest gambling rings in New York City centered around a Chinese policy racket called *Bok-A-Pu*, a game based on 80 oriental characters. Collectors arrested with *Bok-A-Pu* playing sheets were eventually freed, since no one at the Police Department knew exactly what the Chinese characters meant, nor how the game was played.

Chess scoured the city for someone to translate the oriental lettering for him. But the Chinese just wouldn't talk. Finally, he found a Japanese secretary willing to translate the *Bok-A-Pu* betting characters.

After nearly two baffling years of work, Chess learned that the multimillion-dollar racket was based on Chinese schoolbook proverbs—some of which read: "Law improves human behavior," "The desire for money is an evil," and "Honesty is its own reward."

Chess' testimony as an expert cryptographer is not regarded with enthusiasm by the gamblers' defense lawyers, who often try to trick him. One, about to lose his case, angrily named a textbook on cryptography and demanded to know if Chess had read it.

Chess, who had never heard of the book, admitted that for all he knew the defense might have made up the name.

The lawyer stared bleakly at Chess. "As a matter of fact, I did," he mumbled.

Because of his wide fame as a code cracker, Chess gets a good deal of mail from people asking for assistance. One anxious writer wanted help in breaking what he thought was his dead grandfather's coded directions to a hidden family fortune. Chess puzzled over the cryptic symbols for some time before he finally figured out that the "coded directions" were nothing more than Grandpa's doodlings!

Gratuitously Speaking

A TIP is a small sum of money you give to somebody because you're afraid he won't like not being paid for something you haven't asked him to do. —ANN B. CAESAR

A DOORMAN is a genius who opens your car door with one hand, helps you in with the other and still has a hand left waiting for the tip. —EARL WILSON

IN THE coffeehouses of 18th century England, customers who expected service were encouraged to drop a coin into a box, in sight of the waiter. The legend on the box was: "To Insure Promptness." The use of the first letters from these three words gave us the term "tip." —DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

"I WILL TAKE a meal out occasionally but I never go to the same restaurant twice," a man remarked. To which his friend quickly replied: "I don't ever leave a tip either." —*Tit-Bits*

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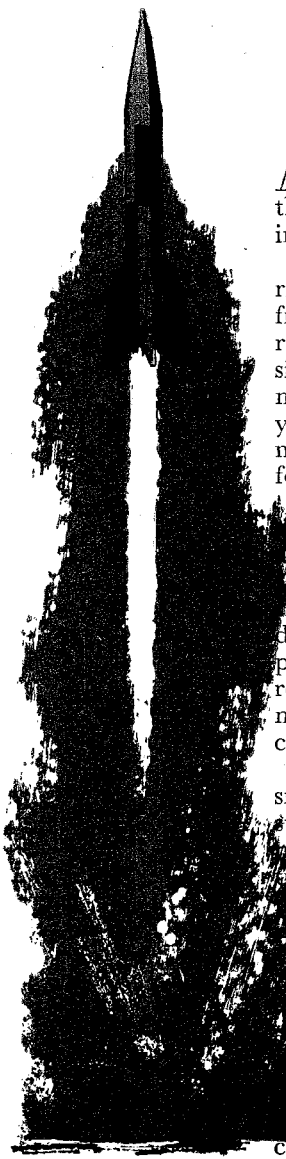
A test shoot at White Sands is always an awe-inspiring sight



Rocket to the Sky

by JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD

A ROCKET SHOOT AT WHITE SANDS PROVING GROUNDS in New Mexico is more than interesting, more than beautiful, more than exciting. It is inspiring in a way that is equaled by few sights on earth.

Behind the austere buildings of the military post rise the spectacular Organ Mountains, with a fringe of dark pine trees climbing to their highest ridges. An uninhabited wilderness presses from all sides upon this isolated outpost of technological man. Jack rabbits bounce among the cactus and yucca. Deer dance down from the mountains at night to browse, and sometimes mountain lions follow to browse on the deer.

In front, for 40 miles, sweeps the gray-green esert of the Tularosa Basin. Dust devils swirl ross it like yellow tornadoes, and sometimes great nd storms blot out the sun. But much of the time he air is as clear as a vacuum, showing a rim of distant mountains around the flat desert floor. A person standing in the center beyond where the rockets fly can easily imagine himself in one of the moon's great craters with the jagged rampart circling around the horizon.

The works of man, seen from a distance, look small in this great setting, but some of them are startling when seen from close by. On a steep mo[unt]ain slope perches a massive concrete struc[ture] that has the soaring aloofness of a Tibetan [mon]astery. This is a test stand, where the biggest [jet] motors are put through their flaming paces. [It] really looks like an adjunct for a flight to the [moon].

[Far] out on the desert stands an even weirder [pic]ture—a peaked concrete igloo with walls and [roof] as solid as the stone of a pyramid. This block[house] has narrow slits for windows, with glass [many] inches thick. Its strength is a prudent precaution against the possibility that a rebellious

From *Flight Into Space*, by JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD. Random House, N. Y. 22, N.Y., Publishers. Copyright 1953, by the author.

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rocket may turn on its creators and rend them to smoking shreds.

Near this blockhouse gather strange auxiliaries: tomblike underground storage places for violent chemical fuels; lacy steelwork towers; a forest of poles and a spider web of wires. The desert for miles around is dotted with grotesque instruments. Radars sweep the sky with their pulsed electronic beams. The wide glassy eyes of cameras and theodolites stare at the launching site. Far off on the mountain rim, great telescopes with 40-inch mirrors wait to follow the rockets on their flights into space.

There are ghosts in this desert, too. The hollows between the mesquite hummocks close to the launching site are sprinkled with fragments of brilliantly painted pottery. Long ago, when the Tularosa Basin was a fertile valley, it supported a dense population of Indians, whose burial grounds and building foundations can still be traced among the thorny scrub.

No one knows what happened to these ancient people. Perhaps the climate grew drier; perhaps some river changed its course or sank into the sand. At any rate they are gone. They lacked the knowledge and resourcefulness to deal with such changes of environment.

They left their dead and their pottery shards and the flint fragments of their poor, weak weapons. Amateur archaeologists from the Proving Grounds sometimes dig in the sand close by the launching site and find their crouched skeletons, each with a painted pot inverted over its skull.

Perhaps these departed people watch, from under the pots that cover their heads, as the rockets roar into the sky. But their ghosts do not bother the rocket men, who live in the hard, taut world of the confident present. They are too busy with their intricate jobs to worry about the failure of their predecessors on the desert.

On the day of a major shoot the whole great apparatus spreading over the desert for hundreds of miles springs into tense activity. From the metal throats of invisible loudspeakers comes a slow throbbing sound. This is a half-second beat that binds all activities to the grid of time.

Jeeps and trucks scurry across the desert, raising feathers of dust. The non-human eyes of the radars swing toward the launching site, where men swarm over the steel framework that surrounds the beautiful shape of the readied rocket.

Some of the rocket's attendants are muffled from head to foot in enveloping plastic garments to protect their skins from corrosive chemicals. Others wear earphones or carry walkie-talkie radios. They pump the rocket full of fuel, quiz its electronic brains, probe its valves and pumps with sensitive instruments. They are like midget masseurs grooming a tall and graceful ballerina for her first and last appearance on the stage of a great auditorium.

Inside the blockhouse, which feels part like a mine, part like a radio station, part like the bridge of a battleship going into action, is a hum of purposeful running around. Each man has a special duty, usually connected in some electronic way with the web of instruments spread over the desert. Squawking voices

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speak tersely with metallic tongues; vivid green lines zigzag across the faces of oscilloscopes.

On a long control panel under a slit window glows a line of little red lights. When one of them goes out, it means that some circuit is completed, some instrument far-away has declared itself alert and ready. The half-second beat throbs on like a steady pulse.

Then a solemn, echoing voice comes over the loudspeaker. It says, "Zero minus 30 minutes!"

This means that 30 minutes remain before the hour, the minute and the second when the rocket will fly. The men in the blockhouse, climbing over the rocket or watching across the desert become a little more tense. Their blood runs a little faster. The moment is coming.

The little red lights on the control panel wink out one by one. Voices report trouble, then trouble overcome. "Zero minus 20 minutes!" chants the loudspeaker.

Trucks and jeeps loaded with men dart away from the danger area. Gates are being closed; chains are being drawn taut across distant highways. The men on the framework around the rocket are administering to it a kind of extreme unction. They check its intricate instruments for the last time and close the flush-fitting doors that cover access ports.

They climb down reluctantly, and the steel framework is wheeled away, revealing the graceful shape of the doomed rocket. At this moment of unveiling, it looks like the most beautiful thing that has ever been built by man.

"Zero minus ten minutes!"

Now a solemn hush spreads across the desert. No men are in sight. They have all fled away or gone inside the blockhouse like ants going underground ahead of an approaching shower. Only a few red lights still show on the control panel. Scientists who have worked for years on the rocket's burden of instruments are muttering over and over their profane technological prayers.

"Zero minus one minute!"

Now the impersonal voice at the unseen microphone shares the growing excitement. "Zero minus 45 seconds!" it chants in a higher key. Then: "Zero minus 30 seconds!"

The last of the little red lights is gone from the control panel, leaving nothing between the rocket and its moment of glory. It stands naked and alone like a human sacrifice watched by a thousand priests. A plume of brilliant red smoke spurts from the ground beside it and drifts across the desert. This is a final visual warning to men, instruments and planes with no electronic ears.

"Zero minus five seconds!" chants the loudspeaker. Now its words come faster. "Four—three—two—one—ZERO!"

In the tense, hushed blockhouse, the firing officer throws a switch. A

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stab of yellow flame and a dense white cloud of smoke burst from the tail of the rocket, and a screaming roar rolls across the desert. The rocket rises slowly at first as if an invisible hoist were drawing it upward. It wobbles a little, standing on its tail of flame. Then it gains confidence, gathers speed and shoots up toward space like a bellowing arrow. In a few seconds it is gone, leaving only a trail of smoke like a chalk mark against the blue sky.

FOR HUMAN EYES the flight is over, but instrument eyes are watching. The antennae of distant radars turn upward after the rocket. Cameras and theodolites crane upward their jointed necks. Down from the rocket, over a sheaf of radio channels, comes a flood of information for instruments below to gather and cherish.

The nose of the rocket is packed with delicate, specialized senses. They feel the air as it rushes past, measuring its temperature, its density, its motion. Spectrographs analyze the sunlight, which grows brighter as altitude increases. Geiger tubes count the cosmic-ray particles striking fiercely out of space, and photon counters feel for x-rays flooding out of the sun.

Some of the findings are recorded on photographic films that wind into steel cylinders that are strong enough to survive the rocket's final crash. Other findings are radioed to earth, where stenographer instruments take them down on paper as swiftly waving lines.

Sometimes the information comes in the form of audible notes that sound for all the world like a small child playing a piano. The pitch of each note varies with the instruments' readings and can be analyzed by appropriate devices. This eerie music, which is to be inscribed on magnetic tape, tells the whole tale of the rocket's effort, of its triumph above the atmosphere, and of its ultimate death.

While the rocket is waiting on its launching platform, the singing instruments in its nose play a gentle, monotonous tune. Some of the tones are continuous, like the drones of a bagpipe. Others are "sampled" periodically so that they sound like piano notes. As the rocket rises, some of the tones remain steady; others vary in pitch in a strange modernistic way.

The tinkling tune continues, but it becomes irregular, as if the child who is touching the keys were growing tired or frightened. As the rocket roars up toward space, it sends down groaning, quavering sounds. These record vibration, its struggle with the atmosphere. Long, low wails mean that the rocket is yawing or rolling. The tinkling music of the sampled tones plays on bravely above this background of discord, but the child at the piano sounds desperate now. The rocket is close to the peak of its speed and struggling fiercely against the buffeting air surrounding it.

As the rocket soars out of the atmosphere, the discords gradually die away. It is moving through space now, serene as an asteroid cruising around the sun, and the child at the piano plays his tinkling tune with confidence and skill.

His moment of peace in space does not last for long. The rocket reaches the top of its flight and then turns downward, tumbling over and

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over, toward the fringe of the atmosphere. When the air strikes it, the rocket straightens out, nose down, and points toward the spot on the desert where it will die.

Vibration and yaw build up again, and discordant sounds obscure the tinkling tune. Louder and louder they grow as the rocket darts toward earth.

Radars and telescopes miles below slant downward gradually as the rocket falls. They are judging coldly just where its death will occur. The child at the piano continues his tinkling tune, now almost blotted out by warning screams from the instruments. The hard, unyielding earth rushes upward at 3,000 miles an hour.

Then, without warning, the music stops. The rocket has come to its death on the desert, digging a great hole. The child at the piano will never play another tune. Nothing is left but crumpled metal and a few photographic films inscribed with precious information.

The Power of Ideas

GETTING AN IDEA should be like sitting down on a pin; it should make you jump up and do something. —E. L. SIMPSON

MANY IDEAS grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up. —OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

IDEAS GO booming through the world louder than cannon. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen or chariots. —W. M. PAXTON

THREE IDEAS stand out above all others in the influence they have exerted and are destined to exert upon the development of the human race: The idea of the Golden Rule; the idea of natural law; the idea of age-long growth or evolution. —ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

THERE IS ONE THING stronger than all the armies in the world, and that is an Idea whose time has come. —VICTOR HUGO

IN MANY WAYS ideas are more important than people—they are much more permanent. —C. F. KETTERING

IT IS NOT AT ALL likely that anyone ever had a totally original idea. He may put together old ideas into a new combination, but the elements which made up the new combination were mostly acquired from other people. Without many borrowed ideas there would be no inventions, new movements or anything else that is classed as new. —DR. GEORGE CRIER

AN IDEA A DAY will keep the sheriff away. —DON E. ROSEMAN

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TWO KINDS OF GENIUS

by DON MCNEILL

AMERICAN MUSIC CIRCLES were abuzz, in 1916, with news that the greatest piano virtuoso of the day was coming out of semi-retirement to make a concert tour. One purpose of the tour was to raise money for the musician's homeland, a pawn in the power politics of Europe for centuries, but now struggling for independence.

The announcement was especially exciting to 16-year-old Dorothy Vaughn of Shreveport, Louisiana. The pianist was her idol and she would practice for hours, trying to teach her fingers the same musical magic as his possessed. She had longed to hear one of his concerts and the news that he would again play set her heart singing.

Dorothy learned that the nearest performance to Shreveport would be in Kansas City, a day and a half trip away. Despite the distance, Dorothy secured a ticket and left the day before the concert.

On the way, a flash flood wiped out a section of track, the train was delayed, and by the time she arrived in Kansas City, the concert was over.

Early next day she searched out the musician's wife to see if the concert following would be held near enough for her to attend. When the woman shook her head, Dorothy broke down. With tears streaming, she told of her vain effort to hear the great man play.

"Let me talk to my husband, child," the woman said. "And now, go back to your hotel and rest."

That afternoon Dorothy received a telephone call to be at the musician's private railroad car at 6 o'clock. When she arrived, the musician entered and soon they were chatting about music.

Then the maestro moved to the piano bench and said with a smile: "Kings have begged me to give private concerts for them, Dorothy. And though they offered fabulous sums, I have always refused. But I will do anything to dry the tears of a young girl—there is too much sorrow in the world already."

Motioning Dorothy to sit beside the piano, he played—Chopin's nostalgic nocturnes, the thundering magnificences of Liszt, Beethoven's turbulent sonatas. On and on he played.

When Dorothy Vaughn said goodby, she knew why it had been said that this man was more than just a great pianist. Not only did he have musical genius in his fingers, he also had the gift of great human understanding and warmth in his heart.

These attributes were the same that years later led his countrymen to make him, Ignace Paderewski, prime minister of a free Poland.

Don McNeill is Toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club*, ABC Radio-TV, Monday through Friday.

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Wonder City of the Wilderness

by TRIS COFFIN

Faith in free enterprise built an industrial Eden in the Canadian bush country

ON A STONY CRAG in northern Canada, 600 miles from New York, a giant metal cross blesses a garden in the wilderness. Overhead, the sky is a canvas for the eerie splendor of the Northern Lights. Northward lie forests and wastes of tundra stretching to the Arctic Circle.

The cross looks out and over a strange and wonderful town in the peaceful Saguenay Valley. This is Arvida, an Eden on the edge of civilization, a place of youth, industry and beauty.

Arvida was created by the Aluminium Company of Canada to make use of the immense power of hundreds of streams and rivers flowing in from 30,000 square miles. In this town, aluminum flows like a silver current, 2,000,000 pounds a day, from the world's largest aluminum smelter.

Here in Arvida, poverty, crime, old age and even frontier wildness are almost unknown. The average wage is $4,000 a year. Fifty percent of the population is under 18 years. Crime and juvenile delinquency, twin evils of older civilizations, are non-existent. In the midst of forests and rugged mountains are the kinds of homes and parks and schools that rival the dreams of planners.

Yet oddly enough, Arvida, 350 miles northeast of Montreal in French-speaking Quebec Province, is an amazing monument to the virility of the oft-criticized capitalist system. For it was built entirely by the daring and dollars of private enterprise.

Little more than a quarter-century ago, what is now Arvida was the "bush country," a few scattered villages, the rough, hard life of lumberjacks, pulp mills and farmers trying to wring a living from the harsh soil. Today's community was created like some ancient Biblical city by hardship and toil. In the hours of its greatest growth, during World War II, thousands of laborers worked through the long winter nights, sometimes at 40 below zero, to build its mighty dam and generating plant. A year ago, the huge aluminum cross towering over the valley was pushed into place by the deeply religious folk of Arvida in gratitude for their blessings.

These blessings have been shared by hundreds of adventurous men and women from all corners of the globe. Their first sight of the unusual village stirs a rare awe. The experience of Joyce O'Connor, a

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pretty and talented Irish schoolteacher, is typical.

She saw a newspaper ad for teachers in Arvida. The pay was attractive, but when she looked in her atlas, she imagined a frozen desert in the North. She wrote to Arvida hesitantly: "The map appears quite blank north of there. I presume it is residential?"

Assured she would find a community of homes, Joyce accepted.

Miss O'Connor's view from the train as it rattled into the bush country was not reassuring. This was a bleak land of thick forests, lakes where moose came down to drink, and a sullen line of mountains.

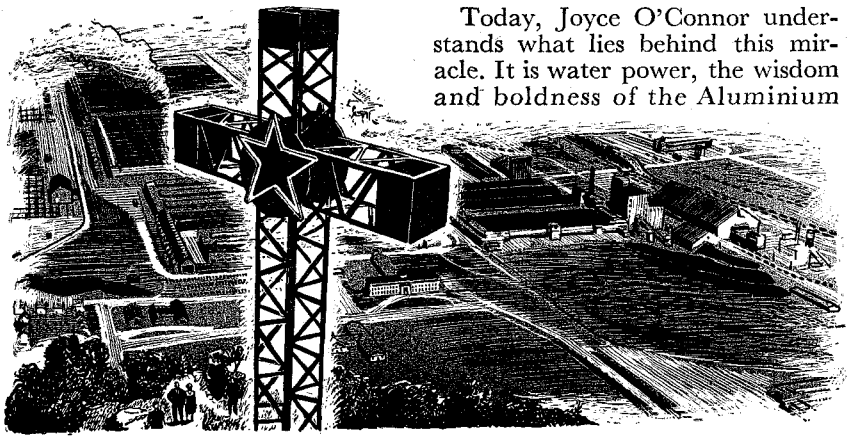
Next morning, when the train huffed to a stop at Arvida, Joyce found a trim modern station with a well-tended garden. A courteous driver met her with a spic and span taxi. From the cab, she saw wide avenues named after such famed scientists as Faraday and Oersted. She passed through a shopping district of modern, well-lighted stores, including a supermarket. In the distance, away from homes and stores, she saw the mile-long aluminum smelter with great dunes of reddish bauxite at one side.

The taxi took her past rolling parks with trees and shrubbery, churches of simple majesty, a hospital, and schools of the most modern design. She saw green lawns, flower beds and frame and aluminum homes that might have come from the pages of an architectural magazine.

The end of the ride brought Miss O'Connor to the Saguenay Inn, a rambling stone castle on a bluff overlooking the broad Saguenay River. The furniture was in elegant taste. The panelling was of a rare wood. At one end of the lobby, a botanical garden was filled with tropical flowers blooming in rich colors. Out the window, Joyce saw gardens, a golf course, tennis courts, a sandy beach and swimming pavilion.

Her mouth opened in wonder. Then, Armand Gauthier, the school superintendent, stepped up and smilingly asked: "How do you like the frontier?"

Today, Joyce O'Connor understands what lies behind this miracle. It is water power, the wisdom and boldness of the Aluminium



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Company of Canada, youth and its faith in tomorrow, and the deeply religious French Canadians who make up 90 per cent of the community.

The source of life in Arvida is water power. Signs of it are everywhere, from humming generators to power towers marching north and south like huge robots. Huge trenches dug into the frozen land by massive glaciers in the Ice Age bring melted snow from regions seen by few white men and dump it into a natural reservoir—Lac St. Jean, 25 miles long. From here, water rushes in a stream so deep and swift, the Saguenay River, that even in winter it rages unchecked by ice into the dam intakes.

At the point where the river makes a breath-taking drop, Alcan built one of the world's largest dams. Below it is the cathedral-like Shipshaw generating plant. This high-ceilinged structure can create 1,200,000 horsepower. Deep within the plant the power of water spins gleaming metal turbines.

The power, singing through lines a few miles to the smelter, magically changes a rough and sandy clay called bauxite first to powder, alumina, and then to a silvery metal, aluminum, in huge cauldrons that seethe and bubble. Within the smelter there is so much electricity that magnetism holds shovels to the metal furnaces.

The immense water power of the Saguenay cannot be matched for low cost in the United States. It is less than one cent a pound for aluminum, compared with an estimate of two cents and up per pound for aluminum from the New Deal's public power experiment at Bonneville Dam, three to four cents a pound from natural gas in Texas, and six to ten cents a pound from the TVA steam plant.

This power with its industrial uses was seen almost 40 years ago by a hardy engineer, one Bill Lee. He told James B. Duke, the Carolina tobacco millionaire: "I can take you to Canada and show you more power than you'll ever see again."

Duke replied tersely, "Let's go!"

They went to an ancient French-Indian trading post at the point where the Saguenay empties into the St. Lawrence and traveled north from there by boat. When they could hear the roar of water, they climbed a steep bluff and saw a magnificent flow tumbling down.

Duke, an eminently practical man, demanded: "What's above?"

Lee answered: "There's a huge lake up there to store water. That means there'll always be a supply."

The Carolinian obtained the water rights and, after World War I, interested aluminum producers and the paper pulp industry. By 1925, plans were drawn.

In the years following, Alcan invested daring, imagination, toil and $450,000,000 in Arvida and the Saguenay Valley. Obstacles that would have discouraged fainter hearts—the bitter winters, the very power of the river which made it hard to tame—were conquered. An example was the building of a new storage reservoir far to the north of Lac St. Jean. There were no roads, only paths cut through the brush by hunters and lumberjacks. A small landing strip was cleared. Men, horses and materials were flown up.

One great problem was how to

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get workmen and engineers to the remote frontier and keep them there. Good wages alone were not enough. Aluminum manufacturing, unlike logging, cannot be pursued by searching the farms, backwoods and Montreal streets for seasonal labor. It needs a steady supply of skilled hands and minds.

Alcan looked into the future and found a limitless future for aluminum. The company made a decision that changed the Saguenay Valley and set a star for industrial planning.

A Pittsburgh firm was engaged to plot a model town that could expand to 50,000 population in the bush country. The homes were to be large enough for large French-Canadian families and would have to be strong and warm enough to endure through icy winters. There were to be parks and schools and churches, plus a huge recreation and community center.

Moments came when even top Alcan executives wondered if the plan were practical. R. E. Powell, hardy and imaginative Alcan president who broke into the aluminum business by selling pots and pans during college vacations in Illinois, tells the story:

"We aren't in business as philanthropists. We have no right to spend stockholders' money except in their interest. After we laid out the town and built the water-purifying plant and some of the schools and houses, I wondered if we should not stop there. So I brought our leading stockholder to Arvida and explained how I felt.

"He looked it over carefully and said, 'No, go ahead. Remember, we're investing for the future, not just for today.' He was right."

The result is plainly seen in the democratic town of Arvida today. Workers live in attractive six-bedroom houses that rent for an average of $35 a month, or can be purchased for 14 times their annual rent. The size of a man's house is not determined by his wealth or position, but by the size of his family. Thus a French-Canadian pot-tender with ten children has a larger home than the plant manager.

This start at pure democracy is carried through in the town and, lately, in the company. Arvida citizens elect their own mayor and council. Alcan, as the largest property-owner, has only a rarely used vote on the council and a veto on new bond issues. Recently, Alcan's parent, Aluminium, Limited, offered shares of stock on an installment purchase and discount plan to Arvida employees, so they can have a direct stake in ownership and profits.

Arvida's planners were well aware that frontier towns are often wrecked by high prices, hard liquor and gambling. So Alcan made a proposition to the largest grocery chain in Montreal, Steinberg's. Alcan would build a model supermarket if Steinberg wo[illegible] operate it and h[illegible] down. A rec[illegible] tisement in

POWELL

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the French-language newspaper, shows the bargain was kept:

"*Boeuf haché*" (hamburger), 39 cents a pound; "*côtelletes de porc*" (pork cutlets) 55 cents a pound; "*patates du nouveau*" (new potatoes), 50 pounds for 95 cents.

Twenty years ago, the company cast its weight with the Catholic Church, an even greater factor in community life, to keep gambling and bars out of Arvida. Then Alcan moved discreetly out of the morals field. Since that time, the citizens by their own vote have kept the town dry.

The company gave the first push to Arvida's amazingly abundant social life. There is probably not a town in North America which can rival the 117 clubs and associations among the 15,000 population. They cover every interest from the ancient Scottish game of curling to yachting. This is no accident, but part of Alcan's plan to keep employees so busy in their spare time they will not pine for city lights.

When Alcan hired young engineers, the personnel manager advised: "You're going to have to carry your own weight in social life." This was done so well that the English school principal smilingly tells teacher applicants: "Your chances of matrimony the first year are fair, the second good, the third guaranteed."

Youth is a striking characteristic of Arvida. A gray-haired man is a curiosity and baby carriages are more common than cars. The president of Aluminium, Limited, is hard-hitting Nathaniel V. Davis, 39. The manager of Arvida's smelter, largest in the world, is a tall young man who looks like a hockey player. He is 40-year-old Dave Ferguson, recruited from college and trained by Alcan for leadership.

Ferguson speaks with enthusiasm: "There's a future here. Look what we've done at Arvida. Tomorrow, aluminum will replace copper and tin and even steel in a thousand ways."

Alcan President Powell is convinced that private initiative and capital are the keys to Arvida's success. "Socialism or government must satisfy too many elements in its political make-up to take the long-time gamble we did in Arvida. We put almost half a billion aside for Arvida, and we stuck to the plan because we had faith in it. Once we started, the town was an incentive.

"The engineers worked hard to find new ways to cut down costs, develop by-products and discover new uses for aluminum. Our salesmen beat the bushes for new customers.

"Government lacks that kind of initiative. Vision, power, faith and daring made Arvida. And the future has even more promise."

Boudoir Briefs

ONE GOOD TURN, and you have most of the bed covers. —ELAINE C. MOORE in the *Hudson Newsletter*

THE AMOUNT of sleep required by the average person is about five minutes more. —*The Wellman Magazine*

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Remember when a car was a car—
and it took a real man to drive one?

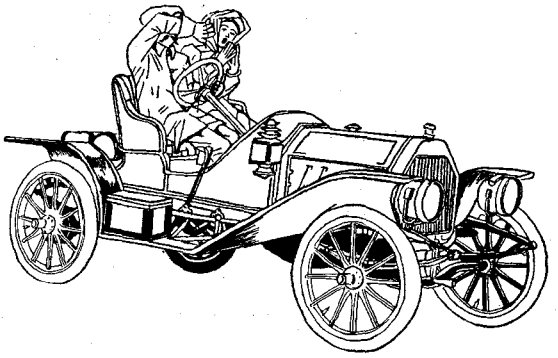
Who Took the Fun Out of Driving?

by JAMES BAKER

I REMEMBER, in the far away and long ago, when the flat tire was one of America's noble institutions. You couldn't pick up a magazine without reading at least one joke about the motorist lying on his back in the dirt, trying to cope with one, or standing dismayed and helplessly by the roadside staring at one.

But this bit of Americana is disappearing from our folklore, and the day is not far off when anyone who speaks feelingly of a flat tire will simply be revealing himself as an old codger. For as we all know, when we speak of a flat tire we are simply referring to a flat inner tube, and it looks now as if the tube is a vanishing American institution. For this, we can blame the laboratory experts of the B. F. Goodrich Company in Akron, who have invented a tire that requires no inner tube and that won't go flat even if you pound nails into it and beat it with an axe.

Though the big tire manufacturers seem to feel they have made a worthwhile contribution to our civilization, it is hard to imagine how future generations of small boys in swimming holes will keep themselves afloat in an inner-tubeless world; and it is terrible to contemplate what it will do to the social and economic status of the garage mechanic, who has traditionally been the only man in our society with sensory perception capable of finding the slow leak in the tube that's been emptying your tire every Sunday morning.



All of which is more alarming than it may seem at first blush. The challenge of the untamed frontier is what put the steel in America's moral fiber during the last century,

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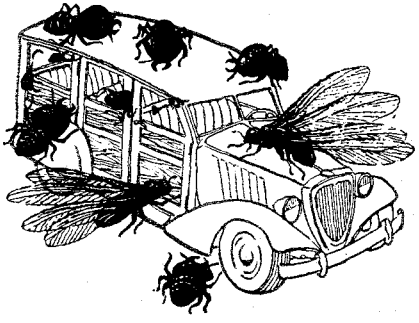
and just about the time we ran out of frontier to tame, along came Henry Ford and his monster. Over the years the automobile has served as a regular post-graduate course in fiber-toughening, and the generations of Americans it produced were strong in body and soul.

They had to be. How else could they cope with a mechanism that would break your arm if you wound it too enthusiastically, or spray you with scalding steam if you made it over-exert itself, or shower you with glass splinters if you jounced it too hard, or just lie down and fall apart if it got tired?

And now the ominous fact is that the people at General Motors and in the various Standard Oils—in fact, in all the lairs of the automotive men from Detroit to the Gulf Coast—are quietly and methodically undermining one of the foundations of our national strength. They are taking the fun out of driving!

Ponder briefly, for instance, the subject of going around a corner. Time was when taking a 90-degree angle at 60 m.p.h. could, if daringly performed, provide as much fun as a trip down a bobsled run. But now the automobile people have a term called "cornerability," which is a technical word meaning that the skid, the flip-over, the thrill of flight are gradually being eliminated.



The car body of yesteryear, somewhat akin to the Leaning Tower of Pisa, is being supplanted by what is known as the underslung chassis. This is a body whose center of gravity has been brought down from somewhere around the roof to a couple of feet above the pavement. And though of course it is still possible to flip over such a car, it's not like the old days when it was pretty much the same thing as rolling off a log.

But the thrill of a sharp turn at high speed is just one of the disappearing pleasures. Another is the ability, with a flick of the toe, to turn your lights up bright and blind the guy who's been blinding you. Very soon, this game will be just a fond memory. Ingenious malcontents have fixed it so that your lights automatically turn themselves down every time somebody comes your way in a car, and there's nothing you can do to prevent it.

In those beautiful old cars, even if you couldn't manage to fly off a sharp turn, you could usually fall back on that last resort of all experienced motorists, the Blind Spot. The car was just one big blind spot surrounding a little opening like a mail slot, through which the operator could ascertain what was happening in his immediate front but nowhere else. Then, after World War II, somebody at Studebaker discovered that glass was easier to see through than steel, and the idea of the Transparent Car was born.

All the manufacturers got into a race to see who could make his car

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most transparent, and though it has not quite been achieved yet, the inevitable result will be the disappearance of the blind spot.

The experienced motorist, however, is a pretty determined cuss and, though the jungle seems to be closing down around him, he still sees a few gleams of remaining light. Perhaps the major one is that nebulous factor known as the human element. Here is one experienced motorist's description of how he plans to make use of it.

"They've loaded the car with signal lights to the point that, when you decide to make a turn, you break out like a Fourth of July display. All fine, *but*," and here he tips you a sly wink, "who's to prevent me from giving the wrong signal?

"Increased rear vision? Phoo! I don't care how well the guy ahead can see me, what good will that do him if he's going at 80 and I'm following a foot and a half behind? And this business about power steering. Bunk! So the wheel has power behind it? Listen, Jack, the wheel hasn't been invented that I can't go to sleep at."

The way he puts it, it does sound fairly encouraging, but over on the horizon there is a cloud that threatens to grow until it obliterates even this strong ray of light. Right now it hovers over Princeton, New Jersey, where the Radio Corporation of America pays a scientist by the name of Vladimir Zworykin vast sums to fiddle around with electrons. Dr. Zworykin now has a working model of an electronic highway that will eliminate just about every thrill from driving except the thrill of motion.

His highway has electric cables running under it, and every car has an electronic control gadget that picks up signals transmitted from the cable to the engine and steering mechanism. If you fall asleep at the wheel, the signals keep you from going off the road, and if you try to creep up on the guy ahead, they will switch you out of his lane and into another. After you've passed him they will switch you back again. If you go too fast, they slow you down, and if you stop in the middle of the road, they will either stop all the cars behind or switch them over to another lane.

HAPPILY, Dr. Zworykin's creation has not yet broken out of the laboratory. But there is one respect in which the scientists have been almost completely successful in their destructive incursions on the pleasures of driving. They have succeeded in taking the romance out of the automobile itself.

Take, for instance, the romance of insects on the windshield. In the Golden Age of driving, one of the truly beautiful aspects of a summer's ride was to watch the developing patterns that the bugs and insects made as their little bodies were crushed against the onrushing glass. When the trip was over, all that was needed was a chisel and a blowtorch to wipe the glass clean.

But now there is a cruel plastic shield called a bug deflector that you attach to the front of the hood. It sets up air currents that sweep the little creatures up and over your car; and if any of them do manage to break through this barrier, there is a little water squirter attached to the windshield wiper that wets

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down their bodies and permits them to be washed away.

And while on the subject of insects, we must not forget the old wooden station wagon and how it would return from a summer by the seashore, covered with the wonderful patina of salt air and windborne termites. One of the fondest memories of my childhood was when, at the end of a summer, my father grasped the front door handle of our station wagon and the major part of the door dissolved into dust before our eyes.

Termites, of course, was the reason, and the innocent laughter of that day still rings in my ears. But it will never be heard again in this country, and sometimes I wonder how many millions of those termites, brought up on the station wagons of a far happier day, have broken their teeth on the all-metal bodies of Detroit's modern product.

The old-time rumble seat is gone from the American car, never to return—and with it the happy squeal of frostbitten children. The tight, compact luggage compartment no bigger than a man's hand is gone, too, and in its place is a huge, cavernous receptacle in which members of the Eastern Long Island set hold effete cocktail parties.

Power-steering and power-braking are helping to breed a race of spider-like creatures with arms and legs just strong enough to get them from the front seat to the supermarket and back again. And perhaps some day, even that much exertion won't be necessary. For Goodrich, the company that eliminated the tube from the tire to begin with, now has a moving rubber sidewalk that will carry our enfeebled bodies from the car to the supermarket; and after we have exhausted ourselves stocking up on vitamins and diet foods, it will gently waft us back again.

They say that progress is the result of Man's dissatisfaction with what he has. Well, if that is the case, I am far ahead of Man, because I am dissatisfied with progress. Or at least the kind that Messrs. Goodrich, Ford, Chrysler, *et al* have been giving us.

New Teeth for Old Saws

A house divided—makes many apartments. —*Hudson Newsletter*

Variety gives life its spice, but monotony provides the groceries.
—Noel Wical (*The Cleveland Press*)

"All the world loves a lover, until he starts to complicate the parking problem."
—*In Transit* (Atlanta Envelope Co.)

Everything comes to him who waits—except the precious time lost waiting. —Paul Steiner

Always put off until tomorrow the things you shouldn't do at all.
—Frances Rodman

You can't keep a good man down, or an overaffectionate dog.
—*Wall Street Journal*

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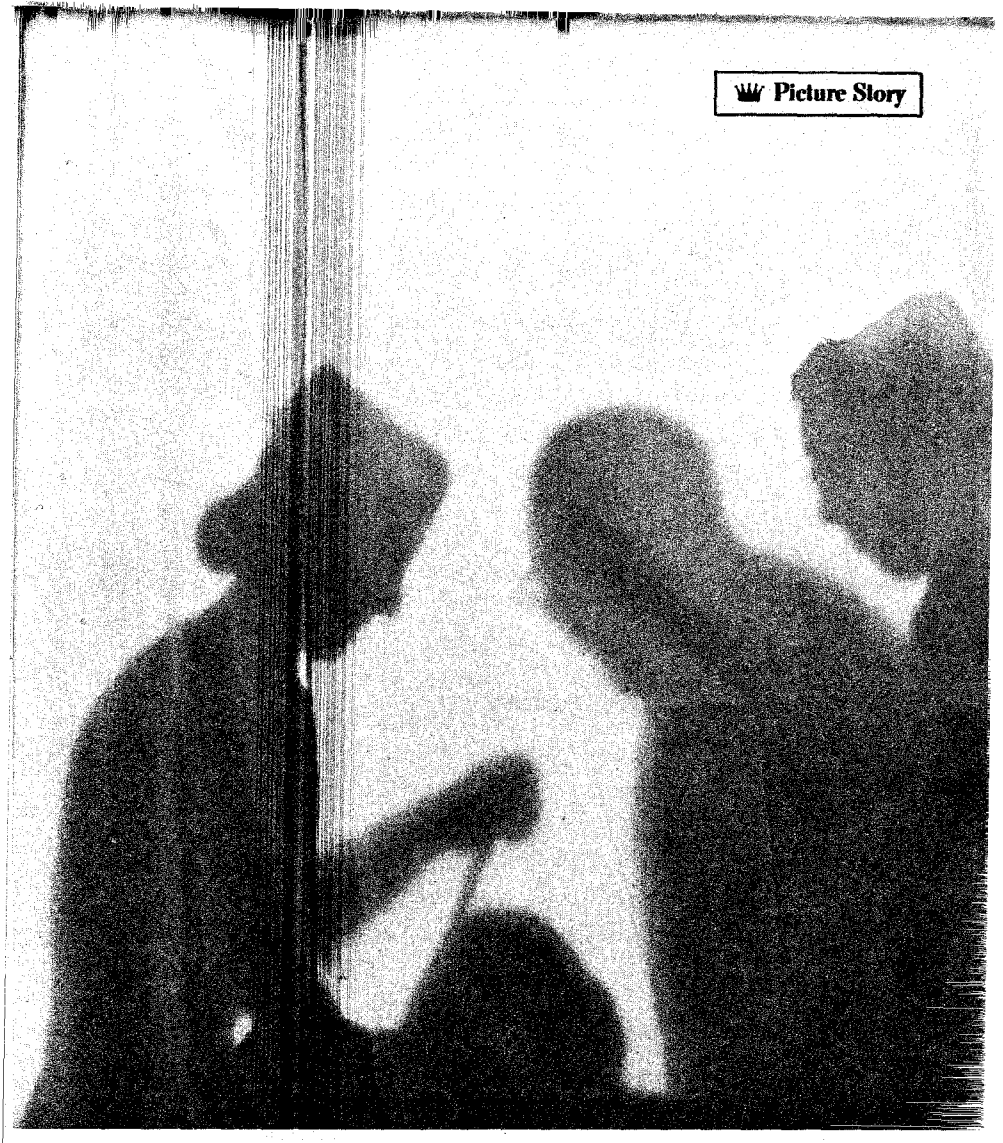
Picture Story



Emergency Room

photographs by Nolan Patterson

This is the story of 12 hours in a hospital emergency room, a place of crisis and drama—and compassion.

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6 P.M. There is a lull . . . nurses chat. But readiness and expectancy fill this room.

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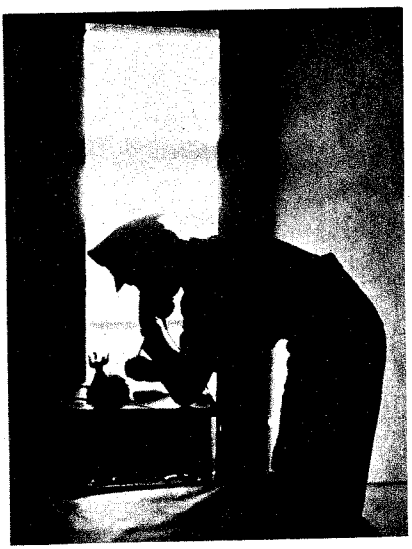
Suddenly the wail of a siren breaks the quiet. An ambulance speeds up to the outside sign marked, "Emergency Only." Police roll a stretcher out. Doctors hover over it, asking questions, assessing injuries, preparing, ready, always ready.



In a small anteroom, the policeman's job ends with his report: "Unidentified male hit by car at 6:12, license RS2079. Driver booked. Ambulance pickup, 6:25." But behind a drawn curtain, another job begins: the fight for a human life.

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There may be 20 critical cases a night, and each one heightens the tension.

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8 P.M. A woman runs in, cries: "My boy swallowed poison!" Swiftly he is readied.

9 P.M. The treatment is over. There is nothing to do now but hold him—and wait.

Long hours pass. The father comes to wait, too. Daylight begins to filter into the somber waiting room. Finally the boy begins to stir. Then, tensely, the parents watch his face. He sits up, speaks at last: "I'm hungry, Ma!"

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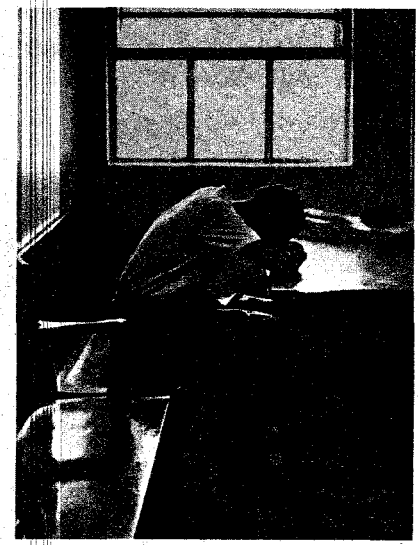
No patient stays long in Emergency, yet the hours of suspense seem endless.



Some wait with heads bowed, and only dread and despair are their companions.

Others, sustained by faith, take back their loved ones with mute thankfulness.

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Everyone who passes the big white sign plays a part in a drama. It may spin out for months—hospital care, long treatment—and end in happiness. But sometimes, the curtain is rung down right here in Emergency, and the end is tragedy.

The fight goes on, the effort unstinting. People meet with accidents . . .

. . . a man may even be a police case. But in Emergency, a life is a life.

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Near dawn, the doctor steals a moment of sleep—until the next cry for help.

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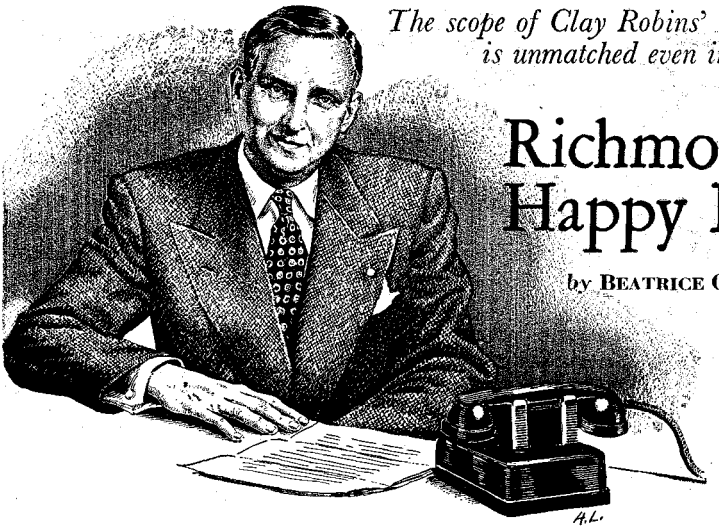
The scope of Clay Robins' hospitality is unmatched even in Virginia

Richmond's Happy Host

by BEATRICE O. FREEMAN



DR. LOUIS H. BAUER had the happy surprise of his career one day back in December, 1952.

"That Pan-American medical conference you've been talking about—well, you can go ahead and call it," a friend told him excitedly.

Dr. Bauer, president of the American Medical Association at that time, looked frankly unbelieving. "You know that's just a dream of mine. Very few Latin-American doctors could afford to come."

"They can now. I've found a man who will pay all expenses—meetings, transportation, feeding, lodging, even entertainment."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Dr. Bauer. "It would cost at least $200,000."

But it was not impossible, for E. Claiborne Robins—43-year-old president of the venerable A. H. Robins pharmaceutical company in Richmond, Virginia—had gladly promised to stand the expense of a five-day, hemisphere-wide exchange of latest medical knowledge.

Doctors were astonished, but not Claiborne Robins' neighbors. For even in Virginia—where hospitality is every man's duty, whether he can offer terrapin or turnip greens—Robins is considered a fabulous host.

"My grandfather founded A. H. Robins Company 75 years ago," he explained to Dr. Bauer with a depreciatory grin, "and I think he'd like the idea of our celebrating it with that kind of party."

And so, 600 outstanding physicians from 20 American countries and every state of the nation met in Richmond a year ago for the first Western Hemisphere conference of the World Medical Association.

Robins not only picked up all the tabs, as he had promised, but added a few treats of his own—like an all day sightseeing trip to Old Williamsburg.

A big, handsome fellow with a

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shy ready smile and an ingenuous manner, Robins issues the most extraordinary invitations on the slightest provocation. A couple of years ago, just back from a week-end in New York, he looked in on the girls in the packaging department of his company.

"How was your trip, Mr. Robins?" a girl asked.

"Wonderful!" the boss replied.

"Gee, I'd like to go there," the girl sighed.

"You mean to tell me you've never been to New York?" Robins asked.

She had not, nor it seemed, had 38 of the 40 girls in the department.

Whereupon Robins impulsively invited his whole factory force—about 100 men and women—to spend a three-day week-end in the Yankee metropolis as his guests. All expenses were paid by the boss. In addition, each guest received $100 pocket money.

"What's the fun of visiting New York without shopping?" he asked. "And how can you shop without a little money?"

That jamboree with his employees has been repeated, and now Robins is planning a similar junket to Florida, or perhaps Bermuda.

THE HEADQUARTERS of Robins' hospitality is his home at the edge of Richmond. On short notice, or none at all, his blonde wife, Lora, is calmly ready to serve six or six dozen guests. "I always prepare for a third more than I expect," she comments cheerfully.

Lora Robins keeps two refrigerators and two cavernous home freezers crammed with the makings of Southern specialties. Her stove has an electrical control panel like a jet plane's, six top burners and four ovens. A 50-cup coffee-maker is ever ready alongside.

When the dining room overflows, large sawhorse tables are set up on the terrace outside. Lora keeps on hand enough flatware to serve 130 guests without having to borrow from neighbors.

Robins gallantly credits his reputation for hospitality to Lora. A home-economics major at college, single-handed she once barbecued 110 pounds of meat, prepared three bushels of potatoes, 60 pounds of string beans and platters of Southern fixin's.

"Without for a minute losing that look of a carefree Southern belle," an admiring friend adds.

Not long ago, Claiborne heard about a couple, new to Richmond, whose simple wedding plans were dashed when the girl's mother became ill. Though he scarcely knew the pair, he asked Lora to do what she could to cheer them up.

"What started out as a little dessert party grew into a dinner for 60," Lora recalls. "Neither of us could bear to think of anyone not having scores of kin around for their marriage."

Naturally, even the medical conference expanded beyond original plans. At Robins' request, the Governor of Virginia invited governors of the other 47 states and the District of Columbia to designate an outstanding 75-year-old physician in each to attend the conference (with his wife) as guest of honor. This was to mark the A. H. Robins diamond anniversary. All 49 of the veteran physicians and their spouses were on hand for the conference.

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Each conference meal was carefully planned by Lora herself. Robins is still chuckling over the "simple lunch" Lora provided for the 350 physicians who visited his plant during a short break. Leading a crew of professional caterers, Lora turned up with a "simple lunch" of shrimp, roast saddle of lamb, deviled crabs, Smithfield ham, sweetbreads and mushrooms à la Newburg, fruit aspic, tossed salad and an elaborate ice garnished with brandied cherries.

The cost of any year's hospitality doesn't matter to Robins. For all the cornbread (and fried chicken and Smithfield ham and cash) he has cast on the waters has returned to him somehow a hundred fold.

The failing Robins Company of 20 years ago is today the largest manufacturer of "ethical" drugs (those promoted only to physicians) in the South and one of the largest in the country. Sales volume approaches $10,000,000 a year. A handsome new factory covering 75,000 square feet was recently completed.

According to Robins, both the company and the family tradition of hospitality were founded by his paternal grandfather, known as "Cousin Albert" to hundreds of Virginia kinfolk.

"Until Grandpa died at 96, his 'kin' dropped in to visit in pairs, foursomes, tens and scores," Robins explains. "Sometimes they stayed three days, occasionally three months. Forty guests were par for Sunday breakfast, more for dinner."

He remembers as a boy waiting on table through five settings. The variety of courses has not been matched in the Robins' household to this day—soup, five kinds of meat, fried chicken, eight vegetables, hominy, batterbread, quarts of chow-chow, jams, jellies, honey, stacks of pies, cakes, custards, watermelons and gallons of buttermilk.

Today's company was merely a sideline of Uncle Albert's retail drug business. It was developed as a separate enterprise by Claiborne's father, who died in 1912 at the age of 39—just as the business began to flourish. His wife doggedly kept it going until Claiborne could take it over.

By the time Robins was graduated from the School of Pharmacy of the Medical College of Virginia (he completed the three-year course in two, with honors), the company's gross sales had dwindled to $5,000 a year.

"That was 1933, right at the bottom of the Depression," Claiborne recalls. "I was young and didn't realize what I was letting myself in for. I compounded some prescription specialties I thought would be valuable, and set out to tell doctors about them."

Robins' capital amounted to $2,000, borrowed from a bank of which he is now a director. His mother and a veteran assistant who had worked for Uncle Albert remained at home to fill orders.

"I lost $500 that first year," Rob-

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

Read about a new kind of medical insurance—a policy which protects you against long-term illness.

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ins admits, "but the second year I made $100. After that, slowly at first, things got better."

Lora was working for her father, a Texas lawyer, when Claiborne met her. After they were married, she accompanied him on his business trips, calling it their honeymoon. When the first of the three Robins children arrived, she tucked the baby in the back seat of the car and kept on traveling with her husband.

Nowadays, the road work is carried on by a staff of more than 200 field representatives. The boss calls them affectionately by their first names. To keep the old atmosphere of informality in the new factory, Robins ordered gay colors and piped-in music. Twice a day, he invites his employees to a coffee break on the house.

For years he has given his employees turkeys at Thanksgiving and Smithfield hams at Christmas. Recently, he added a check and personal letter on each birthday. It is typical that the check ($25) is the same for top executive or porter.

Robins' pattern has inevitably influenced his staff. Departments and individuals frequently throw parties at which the boss is a delighted guest. And in charity drives like the Community Chest, A. H. Robins per capita gifts are highest in the city.

"Clay Robins has shown us all what true Southern hospitality can do," an officer of the Richmond Chamber of Commerce commented not long ago. "He does everything in the same bountiful, gracious way, whether it's building up his own business, promoting Richmond through the Chamber of Commerce and Rotary, helping the Baptist church, or taking 40 strangers home to dinner."

As a deacon of the Baptist church, Robins became interested in increasing Sunday-school attendance—and he succeeded: the young couples' class he and Lora took over with a membership of five now has 85 members.

As president of the Richmond Chamber of Commerce in 1952, Robins helped his city to play host to more than 86,000 delegates at 268 conventions, the highest attendance Richmond has yet seen.

Under his direction, the Chamber entertained diverse groups ranging from farm kids to the State General Assembly. To the astonishment of veterans in civic affairs, citizens who ordinarily never meet entertained each other in the interest of better understanding.

Asked how his preoccupation with others began, Robins explains with typical simplicity: "It may sound corny, but the greatest joy in life comes from doing things for others. There's nothing new in the Golden Rule, but I believe in it."

Economically Speaking

If you think it's tough keeping up with Joneses, think how tough it is for the Joneses.

—Hudson Newsletter

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Vacation Daze

A SENTIMENTAL lady on a tour of one of our national parks stopped before a gigantic tree.

"Oh, wonderful old elm," she exclaimed, enraptured, "if you could only talk, what would you say to me?"

The forest ranger who was with her suggested, "It would probably say, 'Pardon me, lady, but I'm an oak.' "

—*Capper's Weekly*

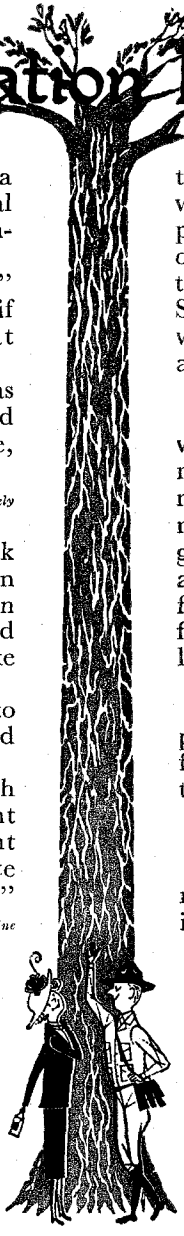
A TOURIST filling up his tank at a Canadian service station noticed a puzzling smirk on the face of the attendant and asked him what the big joke was.

"You're the last person to be served with gas at the old price," was the reply.

The motorist glowed with that old bargain-basement feeling until the attendant added: "It goes down five cents a gallon from now on."

—*Maclean's Magazine*

MY GRANDSON and I were taking a cross-country trip and before we started, he had decided to keep a diary. Every night before he went to bed, he wrote about what he had seen during the day. When we came to the Grand Canyon, he seemed to be extremely impressed. After he went to sleep, I decided to peep into the diary and find out what he thought about this wonder of nature. Scrawled in boyish writing was: "Today I spit more than a mile." —MRS. LEAH WILKE (*Family Circle*)



MY HALF-PINT neighbor, who makes considerable money mowing lawns, tells me he makes his Saturday rounds about the time the ball games are ready to go on the air, and gets most of his jobs from men who have half-finished cutting their own lawns. —JAMES HUGHES (*Your Life*)

A SCIENTIST says insects compete with man for the world's food supply. We hadn't noticed it except at picnics.

—HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

ITS OWNER turned his small roadside fruit stand in Utah into a booming business by a very simple yet ingenious device. Observing that tourists always stop at places where other automobiles are parked, he bought four used cars and placed them in front of his establishment. The decoys drew trade like wooden ducks tempt a flying flock.

—JOHN S. WALKER (*Rotarian*)

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Nobody is immune to one of the trickiest of "everyday" ailments

Hold Those Hiccups!

by JOHN PFEIFFER

HICCUPS ARE ONE of the most common—and most tricky—ailments known to medicine. No one is immune, and as a general rule, the effects vanish within five or ten minutes. But hiccups can be serious; and surgery, performed after everything else fails, is still the most effective cure for severely stricken patients.

The average case yields to a far less formidable remedy. There are probably more popular treatments for hiccups than for any other disorder, including colds. One specialist estimates that the list includes from 200 to 300 basic methods, ranging from tickling the nose to spinning to the right nine times. Some are effective, others sheer nonsense. Certain new and little-known facts help doctors decide which is which.

The chief performer in hiccups is the diaphragm, a tough muscular shelf separating chest cavity from that of the abdomen. As the chest cavity expands raising the ribs and lowering the diaphragm, air enters the lungs. As the chest cavity contracts and the diaphragm rises again, air is forced out of the lungs.

But the diaphragm goes berserk during a bout of hiccups. It contracts on its own in a series of spasms, and each time you inhale quickly your epiglottis, the leaf-shaped lid on your windpipe, snaps shut, producing the well-known "hic."

In a large Minnesota hospital, a rheumatic patient who was recovering uneventfully started hiccuping early one morning. While the nurse on duty was treating him, she suddenly became aware that the patient in the next bed was hiccuping too. By evening, 17 were afflicted with the disorder, including the nurse herself.

At first, doctors suspected it was a form of mass hysteria. Perhaps one patient had heard his neighbor and begun hiccuping by the power of suggestion. Then tests revealed that all the affected patients were harboring streptococcus germs in their bodies. Their hiccups stopped in two to three days, when the infections had subsided.

Infection is one of the many factors that can set off a chain of hiccups. Movements of the diaphragm are regulated by electrical signals flashed along the phrenic nerve, a pair of gray-white bundles of fibers about as thick around as the catgut used in tennis rackets. These cables are connected with the brain, pass down the right and left sides of the neck into the spinal cord, and send branches not only to the diaphragm but to the heart, liver and other organs.

Irritation of any part of the phrenic-nerve system may be

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enough to produce abnormal signals, which make the diaphragm contract violently—the faster the signals stream in, the faster you hiccup. You cannot stop hiccuping when you want to, because the diaphragm moves independently of the higher brain centers. You do not even have advance notice of an approaching hiccup, and the condition continues until the irritation clears up.

Anything that irritates the phrenic nerve can cause hiccups. Germs were the culprit in the case of the Minnesota patients. The drinker's hiccup may be traced to the irritating action of alcohol on stomach nerves, which send branches to the phrenic-nerve system. Hot beverages, spicy foods or simple overeating may produce the same effect, as may smoking, fatigue or bronchitis. Post-operative hiccup is often particularly severe and weakening. It may defy any form of treatment until it subsides.

In every case, the final result is a series of persistent electrical impulses flashing down the phrenic nerve to the diaphragm. Hiccup treatments must stop these high-speed currents, and practically all popular remedies work according to one of the two following principles: 1) they set up a counter-irritation, or 2) they block the phrenic nerve.

If you are suffering from hiccups, some friend is sure to give you a solid thump on the back. This often works, because it acts as a counter-irritant.

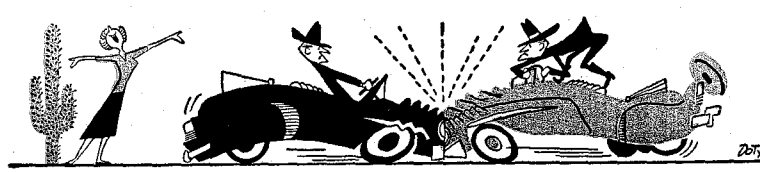
You can also tickle your nose with a feather, take snuff, or pull gently but firmly on your tongue; you can jar your taste buds and stomach nerves by gulping down a variety of fluids from salt water and vinegar to Worcestershire sauce; or sheer cold may shock the nervous system sufficiently to curb hiccups, which explains why some find relief by swallowing chopped ice.

Some people insist on drinking from the far side of the glass or taking nine or eleven sips, no more and no less. Actually, it does not make any difference how you drink the water, as long as it is cold.

Fright, too, can halt an attack. Not long ago, a Texas housewife recovered from severe hiccups when two cars had a head-on collision only a few feet away from her.

But fright may also produce hiccups. Last winter, a writer was sitting alone late one night, reading a murder mystery, when he heard a knock on the door. As he got up to answer, there was a blood-curdling shriek; and that set off a chain of violent hiccups. It did not help to learn that the shrieker was a friend with a gruesome sense of humor—but a jigger of whisky, which has been known to bring on hiccups, provided relief.

It is possible to cure hiccups by quieting instead of irritating nerves,



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the trick being to take advantage of the fundamental fact that your body cells require oxygen to stay alive. The phrenic nerve "suffocates" easily, and loses its ability to send large numbers of electrical impulses to the diaphragm.

Thus, holding your breath for 15 to 20 seconds, which causes the amount of oxygen in your blood to drop, will often halt hiccups. By the time the partly asphyxiated nerve has recovered, the original irritation may have died down. Such antics as lying with your head completely enclosed in a big paper bag and breathing in that position are merely fancy ways of creating a brief oxygen shortage.

Simple treatments will usually bring results, but when more drastic procedures are called for, the doctor may inject special drugs into the side of the neck and thus block the phrenic nerve and, in most cases, shut off hiccups as promptly as if they had flipped a switch.

Last New Year's Eve, a Quebec girl started hiccuping while she was out celebrating. The whole thing was a big joke and she went to bed expecting the trouble would be gone next morning. But she awoke, still hiccuping. She tried practically all the familiar treatments with no relief. Drug injections finally stopped the attack, after the girl had suffered hiccups 14 days!

When all other methods fail, the surgeon steps into the picture. Prolonged attacks can be more exhausting than violent exercise and may even, in very rare cases, end fatally unless something radical is done.

An operation for hiccups may start by exposing the left phrenic nerve. Then the surgeon blocks the nerve by pinching it with forceps, and he may do the same thing on the other side. He knows the nerves will heal eventually, and hopes the original irritation will have vanished by then. If this is unsuccessful, he may sever the phrenic nerve.

Doctors still cannot fully understand why certain methods should help and not others, because there is a great deal yet to learn about the workings of the nervous system. But the odds are a million to one that some simple treatment will help you sooner or later—probably sooner.

Sex: Female

MANY A GIRL who seems to be just throwing herself at a man is actually taking very careful aim. —*English Digest*

A CULTURED woman is one who by the mere shrug of her shoulders can adjust her shoulder straps. —LEON L. LERNER *Gob Humor (Ottenheimer)*

MOST WOMEN don't start economizing until they run out of money. —*Postage Stamp*

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE to tell where an orderly woman will put things. —ANON

WOMEN ARE the sex which believes that if you charge it, it's not spending, and if you add a cherry to it, it's not intoxicating.

—BILL VAUGHAN in *Hudson Newsletter*

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You Can Still Make a Million!

by JOHN L. SPRINGER

More ingenious Americans are amassing more money than ever before in our history

PROFESSIONAL MOURNERS have cried for years that America is no longer the land of opportunity, that the Fords, Rockefellers and Carnegies represent a lost breed. And yet, despite this defeatist gospel, probably more persons have amassed fortunes since World War II than at any time in our history. In every State, scores of men who owned little or nothing a few years ago have, through industry and imagination, become millionaires.

In Oklahoma, this modern-day Horatio Alger hero may be a farmer who neither reads nor writes English; in Texas, a tobacco-chewing, tough-talking real-estate expert in a worn felt hat; in Chicago, a smiling, curly-haired Irishman; and in New York, a slight, balding man with penetrating eyes.

Most of these men have one thing in common: they won their wealth in a simple way. Often, all they needed was one Big Idea—a clear, striking money-making idea like the dozen that might cross the average person's mind in a lifetime. How they have taken those simple ideas and built fortunes upon them is proof that you can still make a million in America.

What could be simpler than the idea that made a tycoon of Abe Katz? One day he began thinking of the marvelous things you could do with modern plastics. One plastic struck his fancy: it was soft, pink and squeezable—and looked very much like human flesh.

Of what use was a fleshlike plastic? Katz did not wait long to answer. Soon he was manufacturing "magic flesh" dolls by the millions, he controlled one of the biggest plastic processing plants in the country, and was chalking up sales of more than $20,000,000 a year.

A Wisconsin physician, Dr. Earl Carpenter, shuddered as he read of babies suffocating in their cribs. Talking to mothers, he discovered that they feared this danger above almost all others. "Something should be done," he told himself.

For four years he considered the problem. Then came his Big Idea: a "Trundle Bundle" sleeping bag. Put your child in one and strangling is a sheer impossibility.

Forming a $25,000 corporation with his associates, Dr. Carpenter began mass production. Today sales are approaching the million-dollar mark.

Walk down Philadelphia's teeming Market Street and you will find another Miracle of the Big Idea—the world's most magnificent hot dog stand! It is a block-long symphony of marble and glass, where

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thousands of dollars' worth of steaming frankfurters are dispensed every week.

Not many years ago, Louis "Dewey" Yesner decided that Philadelphians should have more meat in their wienies. "I'll cut down other expenses and put everything into the food I serve," he vowed.

He borrowed $400 and set up a hot dog stand with his own hands. Soon cab drivers around the City of Brotherly Love were telling their passengers that "Dewey's Famous" franks were the biggest and best buy in town.

How well Dewey's simple idea worked! Today he has nine gigantic luncheonettes and owns an office building and other real estate around Philadelphia worth more than $1,000,000.

IN THE GREAT new industries that have literally blossomed from seed since World War II, Big Ideas have led to fantastically Big Wealth. Consider frozen foods. Six years ago, a young Georgian and his wife began breeding shrimp and freezing them when they were ready for the frying pan. The shrimp became a national favorite and today young William Mullis owns a million dollar business.

In 1945, Jeno Paulucci was almost penniless. But he was also a young man with a vision. Its subject? The lowly bean sprout!

He went from friend to friend until finally he had borrowed $2,500 to begin freezing bean sprouts and other Chinese foods. The popularity of his products, sold under the trade name *ChunKing*, spread from Minnesota through the entire country. Farmers found a new market for tons of easy-to-grow vegetables, and cheered when the State gave him a $200,000 advance to provide a cold storage plant in the Duluth area. Now Jeno's vision is a reality, with a sales volume of $8,000,000 for 1953.

Other new millionaires owe their success to one Right Guess. After Japan surrendered, most plane manufacturers decided: "That ends our job for the Army and Navy. Now we'll get back to making planes for peacetime."

In California, Milton Brucker, a small-time maker of parts for military planes, made a wiser guess. "I don't like the way things look and I'm going to stay in the military aircraft business," he decided. "I think Uncle Sam might need military planes far sooner than most people imagine."

When the Red threat grew and the U. S. Government sent out frantic calls for aircraft, Brucker's idea paid overwhelming dividends. His company, tooled-up and ready, got the orders. Now it sells products worth $4,000,000 a year.

Apparently there is no device, no matter how common, which human ingenuity can't improve. From cave-man days, humans have been starting fires. But it took a youngster from the streets of New York to devise a better way to do it. Result: today he has a million dollar business.

The youngster was James Landi. Once he took a camping trip with a friend who threw kerosene on the camp-fire and was horribly scarred for life from flare-up. That tragedy set Landi to thinking of ways to start fires surely—and safely. Finally he developed a little cube im-

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pregnated with chemicals which lights quickly and burns evenly.

Then he formed a company to make his "Kindler-Flares." Like most self-made men, he experienced lean years at first. Only determination kept him fighting against almost daily discouragements.

War came—and government orders poured in. Army pilots dropped his flares from planes to light targets below. The Navy used them to light the way for ships plowing through turbulent seas. At war's end, millions of Americans discovered this new way to light fireplaces and start barbecue and picnic fires. His simple igniter has made James Landi a wealthy man at 39.

Can a hard-working insurance agency salesman make a fortune? Yes—and all he needs is one brilliant idea.

When BenJack Cage, of Dallas, left the Army after World War II, his insurance agency business was steadily progressing, but he had always wanted to get on the company side of the insurance business.

Driving along a Texas highway one day, Cage noticed a crowd of workers swarming out from a nearby aircraft plant. Suddenly, the big idea clicked: Labor unions have millions of members. Why not set up an insurance company owned by individual union members?

He walked into a nearby union hall and began talking to top officials. Today, The Insurance Company of Texas, born from that idea, is one of the biggest in Texas, with more than 18,000 individual members and 327 union locals comprising its ownership. Cage is the largest single stockholder, however, as well as holding a long-term management contract with the company from which he receives a percentage for day-by-day operation and business produced.

NOT LONG AGO, the soil of the San Joaquin Valley in southern California was baked and barren. Then came a vast irrigation program—and success stories that Alger never would have dared to write.

As water began to provide the missing ingredient to the soil, and farmers discovered that they could grow crops the year round, scores of fortunes were in the making.

Jess Goforth's story provides a perfect example of the way the old-fashioned virtues still can carry a man to the heights. Twenty years ago, he was a scorned Okie in California, lucky to work as a cotton picker at 20 cents an hour.

Goforth drudged from dawn into darkness to feed his wife and children, but as he worked he studied all the tricks of farming. Slowly, his determination paid dividends. First, he became a tractor driver, then a foreman. While fellow workers squandered their pay, Goforth saved his methodically.

When irrigation opened the San Joaquin Valley, he was ready. Bankers, impressed by his reputa-

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tion, gladly helped him buy thousands of acres and he began growing the whole year round. Today the former Okie is a millionaire many times over.

There is ample proof, too, that a penniless immigrant may still rise to riches in America. At the start of World War II, young Stephen Klein was a poor refugee from the Nazi regime in Austria. He had been a candy maker in Vienna, where the most popular chocolates were of the bittersweet variety. Yet Klein found that they were almost unknown in the U. S.

Klein reasoned: "The Continental blends of chocolates are prefered throughout Europe. Surely, American tastes are not much different. If given the opportunity to try them Americans would buy them, too."

He made small batches of Viennese-type bon-bons and sold them in offices and dress factories in New York. Soon he was deluged with repeat orders, and opened store after store to handle the demand. Last year, he sold more than $8,000,000 worth of his products in his 63 Barton stores from New York to Detroit.

Here is the answer to the lie Communists are telling the world that the poor have no chance to rise in the U. S. The hundreds of success stories that could be told of our newly rich is proof to our own doubters, too, that the American dream can still be dreamt in America, and that today—as easily as ever—men of vision, determination, pluck and luck can still have an opportunity to make that dream come true.

Seen and Appreciated

A GARAGE mechanic who tired of kibitzers getting in his way posted this sign over his workbench: Next Performance 3 P.M.

SIGN in a Michigan store: Customers Wanted—No Experience Necessary. —*Hudson Newsletter*

WE'D LIKE to add to our collection of original wall writings the sample we came across last week. ANNE LOVES ME, it says, in a large heart-shaped frame. And as a postcript, the chalk author had added, I HOPE. —*The Montrealer*

SIGN IN a California bistro: If someone has put something over on you, remember there still are more than 160 million people in America who have never played you a single nasty trick. —IRVING HOFFMAN

POSTED IN an employees' cafeteria: This firm has 2,318 employees. To date this cafeteria has lost 2,318 salt shakers. Now that you each have one, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, QUIT! —*General Features*

NOTICE in sweetshop: Homemade Chocolates—Direct from the Factory to You. —*Answers*

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The Tree That Likes Man

by FLETCHER PRATT

The ginkgo has the rare ability to grow and thrive amid the smog of city life

ALONG THE STREETS and in the parks of many of our cities, you will see a graceful fan-shaped tree with silver green leaves—the ginkgo. Take a good look at it, for the ginkgo is a living fossil that has survived only because it had the sense to make a deal with man.

It is a peculiar arrangement: simply that man and tree will let each other alone, each using something the other has, but doesn't particularly want. The ginkgo prefers to live where there is some smoke in the air and some of man's waste products on the ground. In return it gives—shade. Nothing else. It grows too slowly to be of any use as firewood.

The ginkgo is a simple, friendly tree that likes to live in a city. But it took a long time to find this out. The first ginkgo to reach Europe came to Holland from Japan in 1712. It made a hit at once, for it was immune to insect pests and diseases, and required no care. It was not too particular about the amount of water it got or the kind of soil it grew in and was fairly easy to raise from seed. By the end of the century it was hardly respectable to have a park or garden without ginkgos.

In America, where there were more forests and fewer cities, there was not so much interest in ginkgos. But as the industrial age filled the towns with factories and the air with smoke, it was discovered that the ginkgo would live happily where other trees curled up and died, and ginkgo plantings increased.

New York has long lines of them, and a double row was planted down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. That row gave some trouble, incidentally. The ginkgo is a tree with sex, and the seed produced by the female is surrounded by an odorous pulp. When the Pennsylvania Avenue ginkgos reached the height of 30 feet, which is the point where sex develops, one-third of them turned out to be females and had to be cut down—to protect the sensitive nostrils of Washingtonians.

Meanwhile, scientists had read the records of the rocks and learned about the tree's past history.

The first ginkgos showed up about

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ten million years ago in the Carboniferous period and the tree has remained unaltered ever since—same heart-shaped silver green leaves, same fanlike form. It was distributed all over the earth, for fossil ginkgos are found on every continent, even under the ice in Alaska.

But the ginkgo is what botanists call a gymnosperm; that is, its seed ripens in the open instead of inside some coating that is both protective and a help in spreading the tree.

There weren't any protected-seed trees like the apple in the ginkgo's heydey, but when such trees developed several million years later, the gymnosperms began to find the competition too stiff. Large numbers of gymnosperms died out and, like the kangaroo and the giant panda, those that survived were squeezed into geographical corners.

Naturalists are always finding such survivals and bringing them back as curiosities. In the case of the ginkgo, the only strange feature was its ability to adapt to city life; and as many other forms of life, such as rats, cats, pigeons, geraniums and cockroaches, had made the same adaptation, nobody thought anything of it.

The great botanist, Dr. Ernest Wilson, headed an expedition into interior China in search of new plants. He worked by a dragnet method; whenever he got into a district, he hired 100 coolies and sent them out to bring him a sample of every plant or tree they couldn't find in town. Nobody brought back any ginkgos.

This fact began to impress Dr. Wilson so much that he ordered his search gangs to look most especially for wild ginkgos. But they didn't find any because there didn't seem to be any.

This set Wilson—and others—searching old Chinese records. They found ginkgos mentioned almost as early as there were records, but always as being taken out of someone's garden to be offered as a present, or as growing in the precincts of a temple. There was no record or picture of a wild ginkgo.

Somewhat reluctantly, scientists were driven to the conclusion that there had never been any wild ginkgos anywhere within the time of man on earth—the kind of man who builds fire and lives in one place. The deal between man and tree was made that long ago, perhaps in years that can be counted in millions. The last wild ginkgo must have died shortly after.

Now they are spreading all over the world again.

Backyard Briefs

GARDENING is simply a matter of your enthusiasm holding up until your back gets used to it. —*Masterwheel*

AS YE SOW, in like manner shall ye also reap—excepting, of course, the amateur gardener. —*Wall Street Journal*

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CAFE SOCIETY:
Wild, Wicked and Worthless

The remarkable story of a night-life phenomenon and how it grew in mid-town Manhattan

by GEORGE FRAZIER

AT A TIME when our world balances gingerly between war and peace, it is scarcely surprising that people seek escape through the simple pleasures of everyday living. Most of us manage to accomplish this with some measure of happiness: we visit with friends; we turn to radio, TV, movies, theater; we go on trips and vacations; and sometimes, we simply loll in the sun and hope for the best.

There are among our contemporaries, however, a wanton group who find their diversion in more wayward pursuits. Merry-andrews of one kind or another, they have developed a remarkable distraction which they show no hesitation in exploiting loudly and shamelessly. It goes under the name of Cafe Society, and it manages to harbor, at one and the same time, the largest assortment of unflaggingly energetic and unabashedly parasitic characters to be found anywhere on earth.

To be sure, Cafe Society is not a new phenomenon. Every age has had its excesses and foolishnesses: the sybarites of decadence flourished in ancient Greece, in Rome, in the time of Louis XIV and, more recently, in the celebrated days of Edwardian England. But unfortunately, in today's United States, we have come upon a Babylon of our own in Cafe Society, *circa* 1954—and since it is a thing special to us, it merits study. Let us, therefore, examine this fabulous nightflower in its native garden, and see how it was planted, how it grew, and why it has flourished.

First of all, Cafe Society is people—to a great extent men and women of various ages and scandalous intent, representing various stages of leisure and wealth, who are alike only in this: they have nothing to do with their time but live off each other. To be sure, it includes a percentage of decent people, who frequent night spots because they are gregarious, but it also embraces parasites, snobs, social-climbers, free-loaders, ne'er-do-wells and, for that matter, almost everybody whose name has ever appeared in a society column.

However, unlike the 68-year-old *Social Register*, Cafe Society is a great deal more than names. Chief-

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ly—and to mention the city most closely identified with it—it is a phase of life as exhibitionistically lived in that mid-town section of New York City bounded roughly by Sixtieth Street on the north, Fiftieth on the south, Third Avenue on the east, and Sixth Avenue on the west.

It is also the amoral folkway that enables unmarried girls to sit in quiet cocktail retreats and calmly discuss their favorite abortionists; it is the mother who had an operation performed on her daughter's ankles, so the glamorous 18-year-old could dance on high heels for long stretches of time; it is the post-debutantes who judge each other's rank as playboy mistresses by the dogs they walk and the sports cars they drive; it is the bartenders and head waiters who manage skillfully to keep in proper sequence the innumerable marriages—and changes of name—of their select clientele.

Yet, if Cafe Society is a certain kind of people and their questionable moral values, it is also the restaurants and night clubs they frequent. It is, for instance, El Morocco around midnight, with the great main room throbbing feverishly and the palm trees and zebra-striped upholstery wreathed in a haze of purplish smoke, while exquisite, sensual-looking girls, blonde hair cascading over bare shoulders, dance with South American millionaires to the newest rhumba.

It is also Armando's and the Little Club and El Borracho, all of them hard by one another on East Fifty-fifth Street, east of Park Avenue; and the Harwyn, which is only a few blocks southeast; and the Embers, across from El Morocco on East Fifty-fourth, where Cafe Society listens to jazz in knotty-pine surroundings; and P. J. Clarke's, which, although but an Irish saloon with sawdust on the floor and the smell of beer in the woodwork, nevertheless is immortal for having been incorporated in the movie version of *The Lost Weekend.*

Cafe Society is also the cocktail lounges, deeply-carpeted, softly-lighted, and all their sad young men, the "cocktail pianists" so-called, who give muted expression to the bitter-sweetness of unrequited love at the hour when dusk sweeps down over the city. To one extent or another, Cafe Society is all these sanctuaries. It is not, however, as it was on so many nights in the amusing past, the famed Stork Club, which views contemporary Cafe Society with such lack of enthusiasm that it does not demur from suggesting that it take its business elsewhere.

MODESTLY, and with no intimations of immortality, the expression "Cafe Society" came into existence in February, 1919—twenty years before it was to achieve sleek enchantment in the photogenic and irreproachable person of a raven-haired debutante named Brenda Diana Duff Frazier. The first use of the term to describe what, for all its pristine innocence, has since become progressively more of an odd, antic, aimless and tawdry way of life, appeared in the New York *American*—the inspiration of a

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fleshy minx of a man who wore solid-gold garter clasps, had his custom-made shoes polished four times a day, traipsed into nightclubs carrying his own rarefied blend of tea in a silver snuff box, and considered golf "too damn manly." His name was Maury Henry Biddle Paul and, as columnist "Cholly Knickerbocker" in the *American*, he was probably the shrewdest, cattiest, best-informed, most conceited and best-paid society chronicler who ever lived.

Paul applied "Cafe Society" to a group of six people from different social backgrounds whom he had observed dining together at the Ritz-Carlton the previous evening. It was his incisive way of classifying a rather special kind of people who, although not likely to visit in one another's homes, had no compunctions about mingling in public. He could hardly have suspected that it was so bright and expressive a phrase that 18 years later—in 1937—it would be appropriated by *Fortune* magazine as the title of an exhaustive investigation into a novel folkway of American society.

By 1937, Cafe Society—quite different from what it is today—was a dazzling show that offered, among other things, the quotable sallies of a humorist like Robert Benchley; the visual witchery of such "drenchingly beautiful" women as Clare Boothe Luce and Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart; the dash and talent of illustrator Peter Arno; the effervescent charm of actress Ina Claire; the cultured brawn of prizefighter Gene Tunney; the mysterious glamor contained in names like Peppy d'Albrew, Macoco, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and Mrs. Tiffany Saportas; the playboyishness of Michael Farmer; and always, of course, the comforting awareness that a charter member like John Hay (Jock) Whitney usually carried enough "mad money" to engage a private railroad car if someone should suddenly be seized with an urge to forsake El Morocco for the Harvard-Yale boat race at New London.

In 1919, Paul could not conceivably have foreseen that twenty years later, his phrase would be universally employed to conjure up images of the glossy people who flocked night after night to Three East Fifty-third Street, where, in 1934, Sherman Billingsley created the Stork Club, most celebrated and successful nightclub known to man. There, upon her debut in 1939, went the first and most authentic of all cafe society's so-called glamor girls, Brenda Frazier, whose wealth, aristocratic background, chalk-white complexion, flashing black eyes, and ardent retinue of eligible swains impressed less fortunate girls as the stuff of fairy tales.

Perhaps the most persuasive evidence of the fact that Cafe Society today has become a world Maury Paul never made is to be found in a comparison of his columns with those of the present "Cholly Knickerbocker," an impulsive young man of Russian-Italian extraction named Igor Cassini. Except when Paul was savoring the cream of some wicked jest, he mentioned only accredited members of society. Cassini, a pleasant individual, is confronted with a problem that did not exist for his predecessor.

Day in, day out, Cassini is often forced to write about people of such

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limited means, skimpy achievements and indeterminate ancestry that sometimes, for lack of anything more favorable, he resorts to the device of describing men as "boulevardiers" and women as "heiresses." Not long ago, columnist Leonard Lyons, who is fiercely proud of his humble background, objected when someone remarked that Cassini writes about society people.

"How *could* they be society?" he demanded. "*I* know them all."

CAFE SOCIETY, at least in the form in which it survived until soon after December 7, 1941, came into full bloom with the advent of Repeal, having been planted a few years previously in certain posh speakeasies like Jack & Charlie's on 52nd Street (now "21"). It had, of course, also led a life of sorts in the mid-Twenties, notably in the South of France, where rich Americans pursued aimless existences under the blazing sun. For all practical purposes, however, it had its origins not only in expensive speakeasies, but also in the stock-market crash of 1929, a shocking upheaval that compelled many of the "best people" to dismiss servants, dispose of vast residences, and do their entertaining in public.

In those halcyon years—the mid- and late Thirties—Cafe Society was a vibrant, amusing and often enlightening way of life that was presided over on many a strenuous night by a husky social hostess named Elsa Maxwell, who had a genius for staging parties that mingled disparate types without causing appreciable bloodshed. Socialites suddenly discovered that writers and actors, for example, were often amusing and interesting, while, for their part, the writers and actors were just as pleasantly surprised to find that a woman as beautiful and aristocratic as, say, Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart, could be witty and informed.

The minutes of this new way of life are admirably preserved in El Morocco's *Family Album*, a glossy-paper book of 1937. Examined now after 17 years, this picture gallery seems rather a period piece—quaint with the departed elegance of white tie and tails; desolate with the haunting remembrance of love affairs ended and marriages put asunder; and ineffably sorrowful with the reminder that now the beauty has faded, the youth vanished, and the laughter become but a mirthless echo. Yet about many of these people there was an unmistakable air of gracious living, were it in penthouse or repenthouse; of modish clothes; of, in short, the better things in life. There was a happy time, if not always a purposeful one.

Meanwhile, the Stork Club was becoming an institution. There the debutantes danced and there their crew-cut escorts became involved in fights—so often, in fact, that for a while it was standard Cafe Society procedure to telephone Billingsley and inquire, "Who's fighting tonight, Sherm?" Escorts battled escorts because the honor of a pet poodle had been besmirched, or because wife No. 2 had been called to the telephone instead of wife No. 3.

Billingsley never permitted these imbroglios to occur a second time; notwithstanding his baby-faced charm and soft speech, he was a

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an who realized
shrewd busine[illegible]ld be reluctant to
[illegible]ildren to frequent a
that pare[illegible]s the scene of frequent
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perm[illegible]untoward display, the of-
would receive a wire curtly
ning him that his presence was
longer welcome at the Stork.

Billingsley was establishing a reputation for dependability: he operated an institution that would never cause the slightest embarrassment to nice young ladies like Brenda Frazier, who showed up with her escorts night after night. At one point, speculation as to Miss Frazier's preference among her suitors became so rife that she and the late Dixie Tighe, society columnist in the New York *Post*, conspired to create a nonexistent swain named Philo Treadway, "an heir to cantaloupe millions who liked watchdogs, rubber plants, and Brenda Frazier." Miss Tighe made Treadway so convincingly real that the press agent for the Stork Club dashed frantically about, buttonholing acquaintances and strangers alike to demand ferociously: "Know anything about this guy Treadway?"

Cafe Society has had a number of such mythical members. In 1940, Maury Paul and the then-Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., conspired in the invention of a "Mme. Moira Vincente, a pulchritudinous Irish-Argentine beauty whose gowns, jewels, coiffure, and the grace with which she dances has made her outstanding, and the bar flies at the Racquet & Tennis Club are pulling every way to discover someone to present them."

For some reason, however, she never succeeded in arousing as much curiosity as that occasioned in 1944 by the advent of one Drew Berkowitz, an allegedly influential motion-picture executive who represented the inventive powers of a press agent and a magazine editor. Berkowitz's existence became so real that he was predatorily sought after by hostesses, and frequently coupled in gossip items with such beauties as Lana Turner. As is frequently the case in such situations, no one was willing to expose himself to a charge of ignorance by admitting that he had never heard of Berkowitz before.

For all the raciness of Berkowitz, Mme. Vincente, and Philo Treadway, the new era in Cafe Society was to bring to light any number of real persons of such blithe spirit that no columnist would presume to invent them. Few fictional creations could behave as unpredictably as, say, Leonore Lemmon, a vivacious, witty girl who was married, as she expressed it, "for a few minutes" to a miniscule-sized Vanderbilt relative named "Jakie" Webb; Mary Kirk Brown, who was infinitely more pugnacious than Max Baer, her frequent companion; a madcap whom the columns identified as "the patent medicine heiress," which prompted one disenchanted student of gossip to observe that she probably had a

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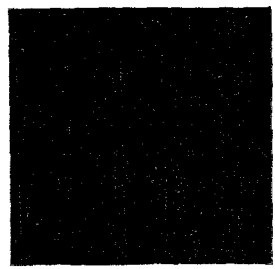
cousin who held part-interest in a drugstore; Peggy Maley, a motion-picture hopeful who had herself photographed while sitting uninvited on the throne of England; and Lady Iris Mountbatten, a relative of the British royal family, who returned Miss Maley's compliment by coming to this country and carrying on as if she were determined to eclipse the cut-up performances staged some years previously by the then-Prince of Wales, an original member of Cafe Society.



By 1941, Cafe Society was clearly getting out of hand. Parents of certain debutantes retained press agents in an effort to get their daughters' names in society columns, with the consequence that young ladies possessed of neither charm nor ancestry were being hailed as the "catches" of whatever the year. Occasionally, the results justified any expenditure or labor involved, which was the case when one of a pair of reasonably attractive and highly-publicized twins more than warranted the drudgery of her mother's having scrubbed floors by marrying an extremely well-to-do Italian-Brazilian count.

The deterioration of Cafe Society from the amusing plane on which it existed in the late Thirties to the sordid state that permitted Mickey Jelke and his girls to become members, had its inception during World War II, when even the most sacrosanct restaurants and nightclubs were forced to relax vigilance. In those years, all that a young man needed to gain admi
better places was enou
cover his bill. If he turne
quently enough, his name beg
appear in the columns and, a
result, lonely young ladies sough
his companionship.

Quite without realizing what was taking place, he had become Cafe Society, which by then was an entirely new and, for the most part, fraudulent social caste. This was around 1944, when the men who had been members of the commendable Cafe Society of some five years before were occupied with graver issues. Jock Whitney, for example, was so busily engaged in trying to escape from a German prison train that he probably was not profoundly concerned about whether he was making Knickerbocker's column in the *Journal-American*.

By the end of the war, Cafe Society had degenerated from the antic to the amoral. It was being taken over by individuals of such questionable deportment that an evening spent in their company would probably have caused Cafe Socialites of former years to take to the hills in self-defense. It had yet, however, to display the countenance of evil. Indeed, it exhibited few things more corrupting than the insouciance of fellow-members who sported rosettes in their lapels, presumably awarded them by the ex-King of Yugoslavia when they were intelligence officers there in World War II, but actually bought in some pawnshop; or the behavior

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pattern of an insignificant young man who professed to be a crack polo player and showed up for cocktails at Armando's wearing the habiliments of the game and rakishly swinging a mallet.

Somewhat on the same fey order was an octogenarian named Betty Henderson, who often went out on double-dates with the late Fanny Ward and who used to startle nightclub patrons by rising suddenly from her seat and loudly announcing, "I gotta dash! My mother waits up to see I get home safe!" Then she would bolt toward the exit, usually with one of her young escorts in panting pursuit.

TODAY, it would hardly be proper to choose any one member of Cafe Society—male or female—as symbolic of the whole, but it is fair to say that a fairly representative composite can be drawn to give a clearer picture of one segment of the Order—and one whose morale and customs are accepted practice.

For example, let us glance in at noon one day as Miss Eloise Wilson Duboneer, which is not her name, awakens in the three-room apartment she shares with her mother, who at this moment has entered with a breakfast tray and the morning newspapers. (The Duboneers, now living on Daddy's life insurance, can't afford a maid.) Eloise, a post-deb, is in her mid-twenties: her goal, a rich marriage. She tried the career-girl role for a while, first as a fashion consultant, then as a model, but the work proved too strenuous and she quit.

Eloise came home late last night, having spent the evening at a posh club with a boring but extremely wealthy department-store owner. He enjoyed her company because Eloise is a beautiful, well-turned-out product: if she did not enjoy his, she comforted herself with the fact that she earned a sizable amount of money last week by helping her friends buy clothes at his store at a 25 per cent discount. Actually, since her discount is 40 per cent, she pockets the difference, but that is no concern of her friends who are, of course, unaware of it.

Eloise, now sitting up over her coffee, doesn't even glance at the front pages of the newspaper, but turns at once to the society columns. In one she finds her name, having been seen at the Cork'n Bottle. She phones the club's press agent to report three items of choice gossip she picked up on her rounds the night before—acceptable payment for her notice in the paper.

Later, carefully dressed and coiffed, she lunches at a small but convivial restaurant with another young lady, equally beautiful, well-turned-out, and on the make for whatever the glamor traffic will bear. The lunch costs them nothing save the tip. The restaurant owner proffers no bill, for Eloise and her friend are not only decorative and in the *Social Register* (thus lending a certain distinction to his establishment) but each girl has a standing arrangement to steer in his direction any press parties or luncheon conferences given by their gentlemen friends in the higher, or executive, brackets.

At 3 P.M., Eloise meets Tony, who may best be described as her male counterpart. Tony has as many intricate irons in the fire as Eloise, and the same nimble, amoral talent

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for exploiting himself, his family and his friends. He takes her horseback riding in Central Park, at no cost to him, because of past favors to the owner of the riding academy.

At 5:30 we find Eloise at the Bar Salem, enjoying cocktails with Herbie, an advertising executive, who lets drop the information that he plans a dinner party two nights later. Eloise suggests an ideal place —a small, off-beat supper club. "It will be so different," she says. She has an arrangement with the club by which she receives 15 per cent of the tab.

We can touch cursorily upon the remainder of Eloise's day. She will dine with the *Social Registerite* son of a banker. She likes him, but she also has a deal with a Midwestern manufacturer whose wife yearns to be listed in the *Social Register*. To be thus knighted requires recommendations by six persons already ennobled in those pages: and the banker's son, for reasons which have far more to do with Eloise than with her clients, agrees to allow his name to be used as reference.

The two drop into several bars as the evening wanes. Eloise chats in the powder room with Marjorie, another glamor girl, and emerges with a double-date arranged next week for her department-store friend. She hears, in a whispered tête-à-tête at another table which she visits for a moment, that a girl who had attended Miss Lucy's School with her has become engaged to a rich young diplomat from Virginia, who almost proposed to Eloise last fall, but somehow skidded off the hook. This puts a damper on her evening, and her spirits are hardly raised when she glimpses her mother dancing with Count von K. The Count, Eloise knows only too well, is broke, and while Eloise doesn't begrudge Mom her fun, she certainly shouldn't waste an evening with him.

We see Eloise again toward 4 A.M. as, yawning, she retires. She reads the gossip columns in the morning newspapers, turning page after page with a languid white hand, before finally snapping off the lights. She finds nothing in the columns of interest, which is to say, no personal mention nor any gossip she hadn't known a week before.

To be sure, Eloise's day was tedious. Most of her days are. Nothing has happened to change her single status, and she is another day older. It has, admittedly, been profitable in small ways, but she can point to no killing like the one she swung this time last year. Then, a Western industrialist whom she met at the Club Ho-Hi rented a yacht for a month in Cannes. She acted as agent (unknown to the Westerner, of course) and received 10 per cent of the $12,000 rental, plus an invitation to come along.

But tomorrow will be another day. And who is to say what iron, in the fire she tends so carefully, may come to glowing incandescence at the right moment?

INASMUCH AS Cafe Society contributes nothing but acute embarrassment to the American way of life, it is hardly surprising that the requirements for admittance are not too difficult to come by. Generally speaking, a male candidate should possess a blue suit, several shirts with widespread collars, at least one

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pair of huge cuff links, and a couple of narrow white ties. Although a degree from, say, Harvard, Yale or Princeton is not sufficient to blackball a man, it is advisable that he conceal it as best he can.

By and large, male Cafe Socialites are no better mentally equipped than their female counterparts. The important thing is to be able to talk boastfully about sexual conquests. Whether such conquests are real or fancied is insignificant. Indeed, according to the present tribal rites of Cafe Society, a male member who fails to seduce a girl is expected to lose no time in inventing a gaudy anecdote that will put him in a desirable light and portray the young lady as a nymphomaniac.

As for the tribal rites that female members are expected to observe, the most important is that a girl pretend to have attended good schools. One young lady who ranks rather high at the moment is generally believed to have gone to a fashionable finishing school. Actually, at the time she was supposed to have been a student there, she was a patient in a mental institution. Another young thing of bountiful glamor is still remembered for having written, in reply to a question on a model-agency employment form asking her educational background: "I never attended schools, my daddy believing that his daughter should be educated only by private tooters."

Protocol also looks favorably upon certain conventions, such as that a girl move her possessions into a young man's apartment without bothering to consult him first. If, as is often the case, she is a divorcée with a child, the unwritten bylaws of the society stipulate that she leave the youngster in the care of her, the child's, grandmother.

Everything considered, though, the surest way for either male or female to be accepted by Cafe Society is to be able to claim any sort of relationship, whether a fist fight or a long weekend, with a celebrity. At least two men owe their current high standing to the fact that they were cited by columnists for having been punched by actor Lawrence Tierney. Since then, however, Tierney has chosen his victims in such carload lots that it is no longer considered a distinction to absorb a beating from him.

Another esteemed Cafe Socialite is a young married woman who, although usually identified in columns as a Southern society belle, is actually the daughter of a streetcar conductor in Nashville. Her lofty position is attributable to two factors: one, her well-publicized flair for outfitting her poodle in expensive fur coats, and the other, the distinction of having been the friend of Conrad Hilton, who, according to some observers, owes *his* position in Cafe Society less to his talents as a hotel operator than to his having once been married to Sari (Zsa Zsa) Gabor.

Nothing is more disenchanting than to peek behind the glossy fa-

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cade of Cafe Society and see the skeletons of people whose names—at least when seen in columns—are evocative of wealth and glamor. There, in the closet of a million dreams come true, are the pumpkins of all those who were one day to fit into the glass slipper; there are the poseurs laid bare of their pretensions; there "the Standard Oil heir" (or so he is called in the bright lexicon of Igor Cassini), a Cafe Socialite of such resourcefulness that in his particular version of the Cinderella legend, a fairy godmother (who would be, under the ground rules of Cafe Society, any columnist) made him into "a Marine hero" during World War II; there a glittering buddy-chum-pal of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, who, as a gas-station attendant encountered his own special fairy godmother on a best-forgotten day when a very rich woman drove up with an almost empty tank; there a bright butterfly who was once a waitress in Oklahoma, but is now much envied for never having to sit at the far end of El Morocco, an exile so humiliating as to be known as "Siberia"; there all the clay from which was shaped many a form to grace Manhattan dance floors.

Curiously enough, Cafe Society has lately been in some danger of being shoved into oblivion. There were indications of this as far back as a Saturday night last April, when El Morocco was the scene of a fight that in other years would have commanded prominent space in the papers. It culminated with Richard G. Blaine, a Harvard man and a descendant of James G. Blaine, dragging to the dance floor and knocking down Torbert MacDonald, captain of the 1939 Harvard football team. In 1937, an incident of that sort would have made page one in every New York paper. In 1954, however, only the *Journal-American* thought it worth space.

One might regard the strange life of Cafe Society with an indulgent eye, were it not for the unhappy fact that this phenomenon of parasitism is more than just a commentary on our times. It reflects all too sharply the decline in our own standards, in the values by which we once stood.

If there is a hopeful augury, perhaps it is to be found in the basic decency of the American people. Cafe Society, as we have seen, came into existence through a combination of circumstances: Repeal, the Depression, the high cost of maintaining mansions, the postwar letdown in manners and morals. By the same token, as time goes on and new circumstances come into being, glamor at any cost will likely lose some of its glitter and appeal.

Ultimately, the American scene may well be rid of such worthless ornaments as Cafe Society. Indeed, the day may not be far distant when people will once again look upon other people in accordance with less sophisticated and less tawdry values —the old-fashioned American values based upon personal integrity, innate decency, and traditional social manners.

A GOOD SCARE IS worth more to a man than good advice.
—The Hawg (Neal Gilbert, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

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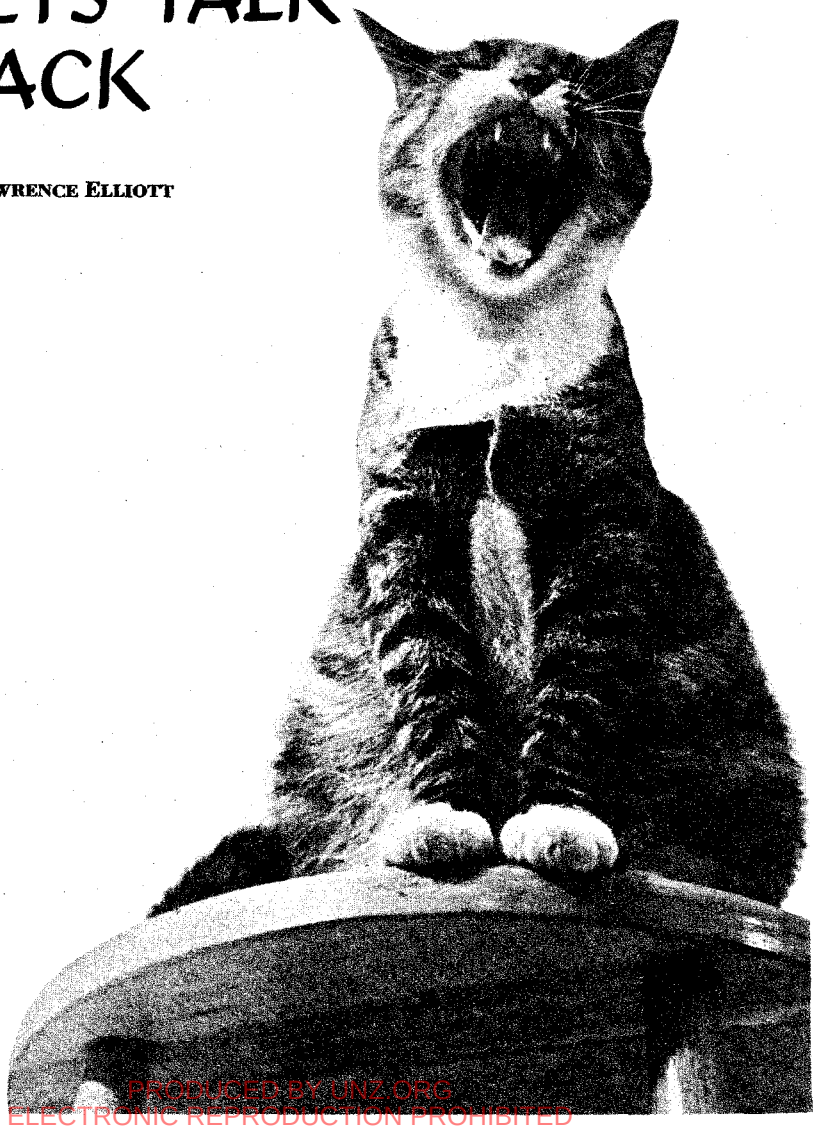
Picture Story

YOUR PETS TALK BACK

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT



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"Please come to order! Please!!!"

ONE MOMENT the great convention hall was a babble of sound. The next, a solemn boxer padded to the speakers' rostrum—"Order! Order! Will the delegates please come to order!"—and silence settled over the assembled dogs, cats, goldfish and canaries. From their seats on boxes, on perches and in fishbowls, they watched the chairman attentively.

"Fellow delegates, citizens of Pet-onia and distinguished representatives of the human press: our national anthem."

In the orchestra pit, a cats' chorus sang *Cats and Dogs Forever*, at the conclusion of which the delegates stamped their paws and waved their fins. The chairman rapped his gavel and called for order.

"Friends, we are gathered, in this, our sixth quadrennial convention, to hear the State of the Union messages of the delegates and to take those actions which will assure the continued peace and prosperity of our great nation. Since the TV technicians tell me that we are going on a kennel-to-aquarium hookup in just 30 seconds, I will dispense with further formality and call on our first speaker, that hound of distinction, a dog whose reputation is based on integrity not influence, on practice not promise. Ladies and gentlemen of Pet-onia, I am proud to present that dog among dogs, the Right Honorable Buster Bulldog."

To the accompaniment of baying and barking, a squat-faced bull trotted up to the rostrum, shook paws with the chairman and growled to clear his throat.

"It is a pleasure and a privilege to be here. However, I should be less than frank if I did not admit that there are those among my constituents who take a dim view of these proceedings. 'You're just wasting your time,' they tell me. 'Those conventions are nothing but debating societies.'

"Well, fellow delegates, let's take a backward look for a moment, to those dark days under Wilson, Harding and Coolidge before we pets organized for action. What do we find?

"We find that there were only 8,000,000 dogs in all this great land, many of whom were homeless. Today, we are 22,000,000 strong—again five times greater than that of

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the human population—and almost all of us are well-sheltered.

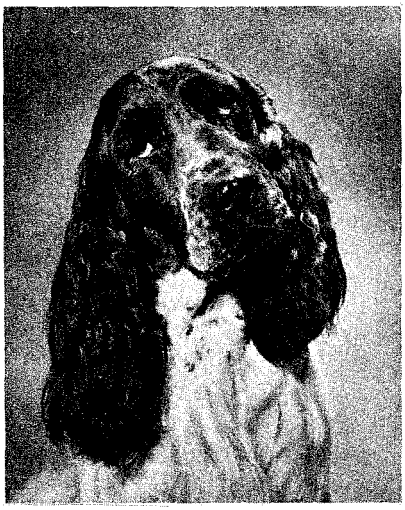
"We find that our most common meal of yesterday—when we could get it—was scraps and leftovers. Today, humans spend some $175,000,000 a year on dog food—dog food that is specially prepared for taste, balanced for nutrition and complete with chlorophyll.

"We find that in those sorry days not so long ago, discrimination ran rampant, with hardly a hotel in the nation willing to give a dog a lodging for the night. Today, there are 3,500 public establishments where dogs can take their masters and be welcome. In addition, I am proud to relate that the airlines, last-ditch holdouts among public carriers, will now transport dogs anywhere in the nation—although they still perversely insist that we ride in the baggage compartment.

"Only last week I was privileged to sit in on a high-level conference of Madison Avenue advertising executives. These men recognize, at last, the growing grip that dogs have gotten upon the nation. They are mapping an advertising campaign for dog food and accessories that goes far beyond anything ever before attempted.

"We dogs have become Big Business, my friends. I invite each and every one of you to walk down the aisles of any grocery or supermarket (this is now quite permissible except in the case of a few stuffy managers) and what do you see? Shelf after shelf stacked high with dog food—Gaines, Strongheart, Pard, Milk Bone, Dash. . . .

"Virtually every major meat packer in the U. S. has added a dog-food line. Swift and Company, who once feared putting their eminent name on a can of mere dog food, now proudly display the label on every can of Pard. Best of all, for jaded canine appetites, dog food



"I take a dim view of the situation."

"True. But what can we do about it?"

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now comes in three delicious flavors —fish, cheese or meat.

"But perhaps the most heartening note of our progress in the culinary world is a communication that recently came across my desk from the French Lines. Their great liner, the *Ile de France*, publishes a daily dog menu—*in French!* . . .

"Let us examine another aspect of dog doings: medicine. Most of us here can look forward to a lifespan of perhaps ten or twelve years. But the newborn puppy of today, with reasonable care, and barring accidents, will live to be 15 or 16.

"Surgical techniques that would have been considered impossible 25 years ago are commonplace today. In antiseptic 100-bed hospitals throughout the nation, tonsillectomies, Caesarian sections and operations for brain tumors are performed every day. Miracle drugs are in regular use for us dogs. Such long-dreaded problems as distemper, worms, mange and eczema have been attacked head-on by America's 16,500 veterinaries—3,000 of whom devote their time almost exclusively to us and when death, as it must to all dogs, comes to someone you love, you can now put your friend to rest in cemeteries reserved for dogs alone, complete with headstones.

"In return for the benefits which we have wrenched, sometimes painfully, from the human species, we have, in turn, contributed many valuable services. More than pets, we serve our 17,000,000 owners as hunters, herders and watchdogs. During the late war, some 10,000 of our number went into battle and performed valiantly.

"Some 2,600 dogs are graduates of seeing-eye schools and have rendered yeoman service as friends of the blind. Recently, Macy's and Marshall Field, unable to find humans who could cope with the transgressions of their own kind, hired Doberman pinschers to patrol their stores at night, watching for intruders as well as for fire and gas leakages.

"At an average cost of $1 a head, some 2,000,000 humans attend dog shows each year, swelling the coffers of kennel clubs all over the U. S. And right here and now, I should like to assure everyone of you, my friends, that our financial committee is at work, at this moment, negotiating with the American Kennel Club for a larger percentage of that $2,000,000 take.

"Individual dogs—Fala, Lassie, Son of Lassie, Daughter of Lassie—

"Mr. Chairman, we, the committee . . .

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have brought honor to all dogdom. About the basset hound named Morgan, who is, apparently, a television rage, we must reserve judgment until it becomes clear just what his ultimate influence will be.

"Despite all these gains, however, we are still faced with some abuses. In one area—dog-grooming—the situation is deteriorating steadily and is, you might say, going to the people. We have no quarrel with the $5,000,000 which dog owners spend for blankets, baskets, rubber bones and other accessories. But to the frugal mind of a Scotch terrior, $12.50 for a beauty treatment—haircut and nail-clipping—is almost as offensive as the humiliation any of us would suffer in a Fifth Avenue dog salon.

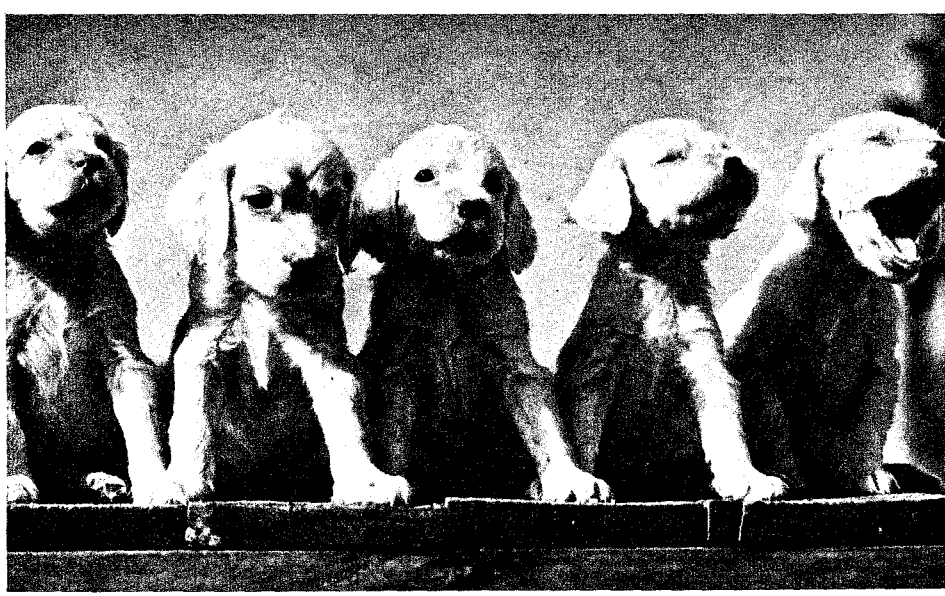
"All the same, we move forward inexorably, and nothing shall stop our advance. What, then, remains for us to do as we gather here in solemn assembly? I offer the following resolutions for the consideration of the delegates:

"First, that all dog *owners* be licensed;

"Second, that the heinous immigration laws of 43 of our sovereign States be amended to conform to the laws of California, Kansas, Nevada, New Mexico, New York, and Washington, D. C. to wit, that there be no restriction on the coming and going of dogs to or from those States;

"And third, that an absolute ban be imposed on shaggy-dog stories.

"My fellow delegates, we have traveled far. I say to you, in all humility, that with resolve and firmness in our purpose, we shall soon realize our ultimate goal: ab-



. . . of seven, respectfully submit our findings in the investigation of subversive cats."

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"Mr. Chairman, may I say something?"

solute equality. Let us move onward together. I thank you."

Buster Bulldog left the rostrum amid deafening sounds of applause. Meows and canary chirps mingled with the howling of the dogs and it was apparent that the speaker had struck a responsive chord in the breasts of all pet delegates, had stirred them as they seldom had been stirred before.

Time after time, the chairman rapped his gavel. ". . . order! I call this convention to order." Finally, the hall was quiet.

Here he cleared his throat and then, as though to avoid being overwhelmed again, quickly added, "I should like to express my heartfelt thanks to Buster Bulldog and, as the television time is very expensive, to call on the next speaker, an alley cat who, by perseverance and persistence, has pulled himself up by his own paw straps to the position of eminence he occupies today. Every working cat in this land owes a tremendous debt of gratitude to the next speaker, Tom Cat."

Again the tumult, this time descending on the gray head of a bony alley cat whose yellow eyes flashed from one side of the platform to the other. A veteran of years of negotiating, strike-leading and close-in fighting for the rights of all cats, Tom Cat could never quite rid himself of a suspicious, almost furtive attitude. He raised a paw for silence.

"Friends, I'm not going to make any flowery speeches. I'm going to give you the facts as I see them, and I'm going to ask you to stick with me through this fight as you have through all the others. And believe me, my friends, there's going to be a fight.

"I wish I could come up here to the rostrum like the honorable Mr. Bulldog and tell you that everything was peaches and cream for us

"Some cat, that Tom Cat. S-o-m-e cat!"

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cats. But it's like Mr. Bulldog said: the country's going to the dogs and there isn't much left for us cats.

"Not that I blame the dogs. It's like if somebody offered me a six-hour day complete with pension plan and paid vacations. I'd grab it, too. No, it's the people I blame!"

From somewhere in the cat section, an unmistakable hiss was clearly audible across the great room. Tom Cat raised his paw.

"Half of the people don't care whether we live or die, and the other half won't leave us alone. They've even thought up a couple of fancy words to describe themselves: ailurophobes and ailurophiles.

"Do you know what an ailurophile is, my friends? Well I would not either if our Information and Education delegate hadn't told me. An ailurophile is a human who says he's crazy about cats. He fawns over 'em and pampers 'em and insists

"How about lowering the voting age?"

"I move all dog owners be licensed."

that they eat certain foods at certain times. Well, my friends, that kind of treatment may be all right for our colleagues, the dogs—and I'd like to assure the dog contingent that I mean no offense" (there was an uncomfortable stirring in the dog section)—"but the plain truth of the matter is that we're not like dogs. We like to eat different things—fish heads, cheese, kidneys, herring—and we like to eat 'em whenever we get hungry and not when some—ailurophile—thinks we ought to be hungry.

"They treat us like people or like dogs or like toys. They just won't treat us like cats. The fact is, my friends, that we're different from other pets. We have to have our freedom and independence and if we can't"—here the cat delegation leaned forward expectantly—"then we'll strike!"

The cats cheered wildly and into the bedlam of sound, Tom Cat

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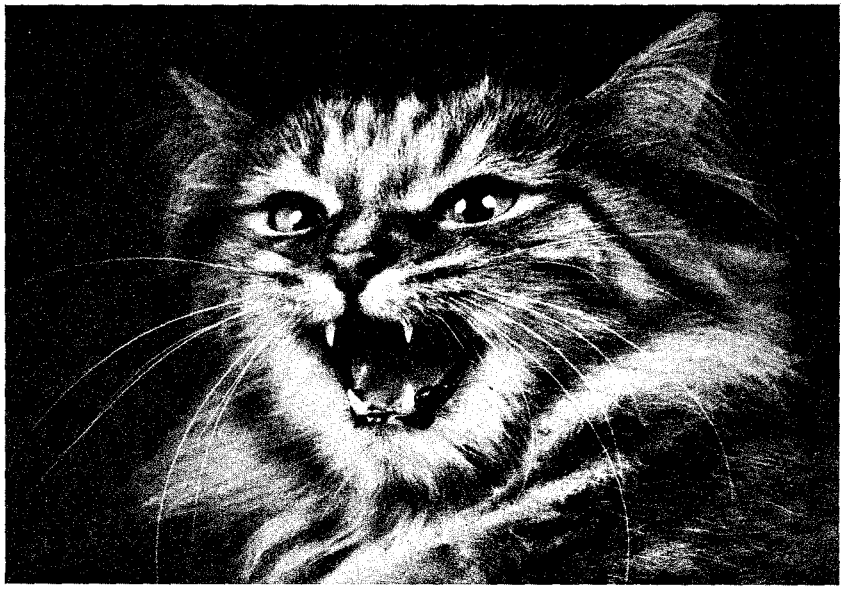

"Who, us?—A menace to canaries?"

shouted the dire warning: "Let 'em eat mice!"

"Some of these cat lovers," he went on when a semblance of order had been restored, "say that they feel about us as they do about a human baby. So they butter us up with catnip and silk pillows till we're so soft we couldn't chase a dog up a tree—if you'll forgive the expression—and then what do they do? They put us out for the night to face snow and sleet and speeding cars. Now I ask you, did you ever see one of these—ailurophiles—put a baby out for the night?

"Well, then, what about the other bunch? The ailurophobes? They're worse! They just plain hate cats and they don't make any bones about it.

"In Illinois, a pack of them got together and got The Marauders bill past the state legislature. They had the nerve to say that we cats were a menace to birds and they wanted to forbid us to run loose. Now without taking sides in the presidential election those humans had two years ago—there wasn't a word about cats in either party platform—I have to give credit where credit is due. Governor Stevenson of Illinois at least had the sense to veto that bill after a delegation of us cats went up to Springfield and put it on the line for him: let that bill become law, we told him, and we cats secede from Illinois! Plain up and down, we put it!

"Besides, where did anyone ever get the idea that we're a menace to birds? Here we are, cats and canaries in the same hall and nobody's been hurt yet."

Here, Tom Cat's eyes shifted sly-

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ly and, in the canary section, several birds inconspicuously tested the bars of their cages.

"So, my friends, between the ailurophiles and the ailurophobes, where does that leave us cats? I'll tell you where: in just the same boat that the dogs were in 30 years ago.

"There are 21,000,000 of us, or 30,000,000 of us—depending on whom you listen to and nobody will know exactly until they get around to taking a decent cat census. Only one out of every two cats has a place where he can go when it's raining or he's hungry. The rest of us have to scrounge around and do the best we can. More than 500,000 of us are put away every year by 'humane societies.'

"Now what's really galling is that these humans are perfectly willing to make use of us: 250 of their national advertisers use cats in their pictures (we're suing for an injunction: invasion of privacy) and they

"Who said, 'Let 'em eat mice!'?"

even made a movie once about a cat—a ridiculous thing called *Rhubarb*. But when it comes to paying us for services rendered, nobody's home.

"What's happened to us cats? How did we ever get ourselves in a spot like this? Well, my friends, our whole history is the sad story of people who can't make up their minds about us and who, in one way or another, go overboard as soon as the word cat is mentioned.

"In ancient Egypt, they thought we were gods and worshipped us —even gave us fancy funerals and tombs stocked with mummified mice. A couple of hundred years later in Europe, they got the notion that we were witches and burned every cat they could lay their hands on. They really put the heat on us. It wasn't until they realized that the whole country was going to the rats that they changed their tune.

"Then what happened? We no sooner got over the hump of superstition and old wives' tales than they start coming up with these modern inventions. I tell you, my friends, some of these machines are more dangerous than people. I have in my paw accident reports from all over the country: a cat in St. Louis got caught in a washing machine; another one in Ohio got locked up in a 900-degree kiln over the weekend. Both these cats got out with their skins, but only because we're a persistent breed. At that, we can't begin to fight their automobiles. Humans drive like there was no tomorrow—and for a lot of cats, there isn't. Last year, 12,000 were killed by speeders, and I tell you, my friends, if that keeps up, those auto plants in Detroit are

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"Don't let people get the upper hand!"

going to be faced with the toughest strike they've seen yet.

"What do we want, my friends? We want our freedom; we want a reasonable amount of consideration and care; we want to be left alone. Is that so much to ask? Not for the services we have to offer. With all their inventions, people have yet to build a better mousetrap than a cat. For precious little pay, we've been working in post offices, warehouses, railroad terminals and factories for a long, long time. In that connection, I'd like to mention that in England our brothers recently got their first pay raise since 1873—and don't think our British affiliate isn't working for another increase.

"Besides mousework, we do all sorts of odd jobs. In Texas, there's a cat called Solomon working for the customs bureau who can just sniff at a car crossing the border and tell if there's contraband meat in it. If there is, he mews. Human inspectors think that's quite a trick, but to us cats, it's all part of the job.

"One of these days, those professors up at Fordham University are going to throw away their seismographs and learn to rely on cats to predict earthquakes. Whenever a quake is in the air, we pull back our ears and our fur bristles and anyone with half an eye would know what was coming.

"For all this work we do, they throw us a bone now and then—National Cat Week, a bowl of warm milk—and expect us to be satisfied. Among 160,000,000 of them, they spend a paltry $40,000,000 a year to feed us. Well, I tell you, my friends, we're not falling for their paternalism. We're going to fight—and we're going to win.

"For the consideration of the delegates—and I ask our dog, fish and bird brethren to endorse our stand on this—I offer these resolutions:

"First, that the social security act be amended to provide coverage for all working cats;

"Second, that a minimum wage for working cats—a quarter of a pound of fresh meat daily—be enacted into law;

"Third, that any human suggesting—even laughingly—that a cat has nine lives be sentenced to stand in the street at the intersection of Hollywood and Vine in Los Angeles for fifteen minutes during the rush hour.

"My friends, the road ahead is long and tough. But I say to you that if we stick together with cats'

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traditional courage and determination, we'll win through."

The chairman rapped his gavel against the thunderous applause. The applause faded. "Delegates, we are indeed honored to have with us the representative of American canaries, that distinguished lady, Bird Book's Woman of the Year, Mrs. Maybelle Sweetsong."

A fragile, wispy-looking female fluttered up to the rostrum and glanced anxiously about her. In a high-pitched soprano, she began to chirp:

"Mr. Chairman, we should like to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your gracious and more-than-generous introduction. And to you, fellow delegates, we pledge a very brief talk as we know you are eager to . . . er . . . see the many interesting sights around the city."

An unmistakable howl was heard in the dog section. Mrs. Sweetsong tittered nervously.

"We should like, at the very outset, to make it perfectly clear to our friends, the cats, that we canaries had nothing whatever to do with The Marauder bill mentioned by the last speaker. Those humans who sponsored it did so without consulting us and, in their overzealousness, proposed what we considered to be a very serious infringement on cat civil liberties. We wanted to explain this to the cats because . . . well, because (Mrs. Sweetsong tittered again) because we certainly don't want any hard feelings.

"Generally speaking, we think we can say without fear of contradiction that we canaries are very happy with the progress we have made. With all due respect for our friends here, our position is somewhat different from that of the dogs and the cats who might, after all, be strays who were adopted." Now Mrs. Sweetsong drew herself up to full stature. "People who want to own a canary have to go out and buy one at a cost of from $2 to $20, which is not parakeet feed.

"At the moment, there are some 6,000,000 humans who own canaries and who spend upwards of $18,000,000 a year on them. An accurate figure on our own population is a little difficult to obtain because" —Mrs. Sweetsong tittered once more—"because it changes so often.

"In any event, despite some recent incursions which I shall discuss in detail later, we know that we are the largest group of pet birds in the U. S., outnumbering our nearest rivals by some ten to one. In all modesty, we feel compelled to say that, chirp for chirp, that is no more than simple American justice.

"We have taken great strides

"I can't wait to get home by the fire."

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"There's a lot of loose talk going on."

through the education of the bird-owning public. Not too long ago, our masters felt that if they threw a cloth over our cages at night and gave us some bird seed now and then, they had discharged their avian obligations. Well, when more than half of us stopped singing—we took a page out of the cats' book, you see—they saw the error of their ways.

"Just to illustrate the complete transformation of the human attitude, I should like to itemize the component parts of the diet which every well-cared-for canary has learned to expect from his owner:

"A mixed seed preparation daily; Cod Liver Oil containing vitamins A, B, D, E and G on Monday, Wednesday and Friday; song food on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; pep tonic containing iron to be put into our drinking water twice weekly; egg food twice weekly; minerals and salts; green fresh foods; moulting food during the moulting season; color food before and during the moulting season."

In the cat section, someone laughed. Mrs. Sweetsong flushed, then tittered.

"Nor is that all. Bird-lovers have come to realize that we canaries are both dainty and delicate. We are, you know, susceptible to baldness" —titter—"and rapid feather-loss. We require—and expect to receive in any decent home—room temperatures of 70 degrees, fresh bath water once a week in winter and twice a day in summer—never too cold—and a position where the sun will not shine on us all day.

"The enterprising Hartz Mountain people—they sell 80 percent of all the canaries bought in the U. S. —have prepared a phonograph record in which canaries sing to the accompaniment of an orchestra. We find this music very soothing, as well as a great aid in teaching our young to sing.

"In Los Angeles, there is a bird

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hospital where we canaries can be treated for such ailments as sinus, gout, pneumonia and broken limbs. We can also get our nails clipped and our corns cut away. The average cost is $2.00, and our medical committee recommends that all canaries avail themselves of an examination at least once a year—just to be on the safe side.

"Given the care described above, we will go through life—average length, eight years—singing merrily and happily. Some extroverts among us have consented to perch on their owners' fingers or even to fly unattended about the room, but we feel that such exhibitionism is to be discouraged.

"What are our complaints? Without mincing any chirps, we are sorely distressed by the invasion of our domains by—parakeets." (The very word seemed to ruffle Mrs. Sweetsong's feathers.)

"We believe in freedom of opportunity and all that sort of thing, but we feel duty-bound to point out that parakeets are, after all, crude, bourgeois and utterly lacking in the graces and good manners to be found in even the most ill-bred canary. We find them, in short, insufferable, and we feel that a selection of 40 different canary breeds ought to be broad enough for any birdlover to choose from.

"Now things wouldn't be so bad if we had merely to compete with the legitimate sale of these uncouth creatures. After all, canaries can hold their own with any pet. But lately, some unscrupulous humans from south of the Border have taken to smuggling unbearable numbers of these creatures into the United States for resale to gullible birdlovers. Canary operatives on the Rio Grande estimate that some 700,000 came into our country through only *one* section of the border in 18 months.

"Even if people are unmoved by canary objections to this—this larceny, we feel duty-bound to warn them that uninspected parakeets are often carriers of serious disease, and for their own good—as well as ours—they should stick to canaries.

"Our next grievance is"—titter—"rather delicate, but of such a serious nature that we feel compelled to take note of it here and now—and that is the hurried breeding of canaries to produce young in time for the Christmas rush. Now we are perfectly well aware that at that particular season, many, many people are anxious to buy canaries, but the plain fact is that this is one affair in which we need no help or guidance from our human friends.

"Finally, we should like to say

"I wish I had found a softer perch."

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that we find the preference for male birds simply deplorable. We ladies have worked long and hard to achieve the status of equality we now enjoy—and we hope all canaries will agree that our position on this rostrum is not merely accidental—and now to find that we are taking second place to the gentlemen in human affections is rather disheartening. On the other hand, we must say that since males usually sing out more loudly and clearly, we girls can hardly blame the humans. It is our job to let the people know that we sing, too. We urge each of you to sing out—don't let yourself become a wall-bird.

"In closing, we have but one resolution to offer, and that is that every American family should be compelled to keep a canary. We are aware that such legislation would be highly controversial and probably would even be challenged in the courts as unconstitutional. But we say that such a law could be defended and enforced by the President under the general welfare clause of our constitution.

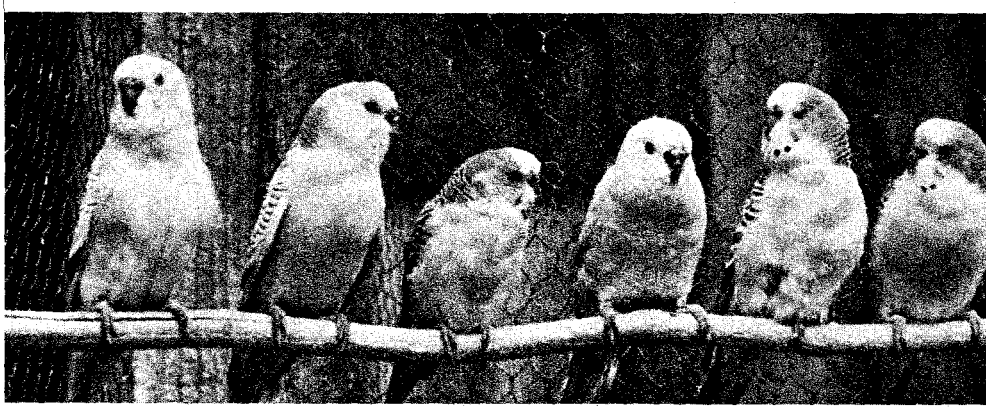
"Fellow delegates and friends, we thank you."

Following the applause, the chairman mounted the rostrum once more. "And now, representing the goldfish, our friends of the deep, the final speaker, a gentleman of the old school, Mr. Gregory Glitter."

Down the watery runway swam a fantailed goldfish, up to the rostrum and, in sonorous tones, began his address.

"Fellow delegates, as some of you know, there is a goldfish pond in the National Gallery in our nation's capital. Word has just reached me that almost the entire population of that pond was killed in one of the most terrible accidents in the entire history of the school *Carassius Auratus*."

Glitter paused to observe the wave of horror that swept the hall. When he continued, his voice was edged with scorn: "It seems that the human visitors to the Gallery, having been subjected to several hours of unbearable culture, showed their real and cruel selves by throwing peanuts, orange peelings and



"Shall we go along? Now they're promising us birdseed in every cup and . . .

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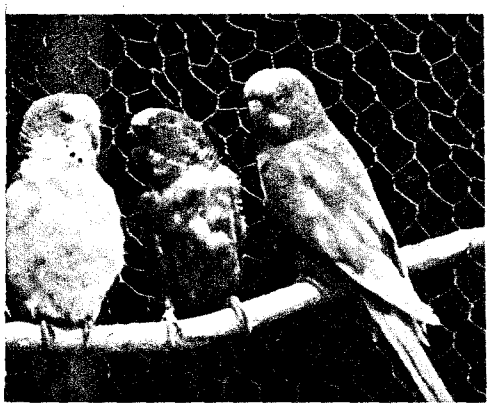
other poisonous substances into the pond. Within hours, the deaths began and, although the final casualty figures have not yet been assessed, they are said to be higher than any other disaster in the annals of domesticated fishdom.

"I think it not improper at this sad time to ask the delegates to rise and honor our dead brethren with a minute of silence."

For the next 60 seconds, the only sounds to be heard in the convention hall were the nasal breathing of the dogs and the slight rustle of canary feathers. Then, with a scraping of chairs, the delegates resumed their seats.

"My friends, this incident is just one more example of the cruel, restricted and extremely perilous existence of us goldfish. Ever since we were brought to the U. S. more than 75 years ago as a household pet, we have lived from fin to mouth, never sure whether our owners would remember to feed us, never certain that they wouldn't feed us too much, always afraid that some grubby-handed little boy would stick his hands into our bowls and try to grab us.



. . . two swings in every cage."

"Our lives are a continual round of helpless humiliation. We have about as much privacy as a fan dancer. Every household, it seems, invariably boasts one over-eager human who insists on replacing our lived-in water with chlorinated water which, as every poor fish knows, is fatal to us. Every now and then, some fisherman gets the notion to use us for bait and while I will admit that goldfish make excellent bait for our bigger but less beautiful brethren, many of us have found to our sorrow that there simply is no future in this kind of work.

"Our curse dates back to 1899. It was in that year that a well-intentioned young man named Eugene Shireman who couldn't possibly have foreseen the misery he was about to perpetrate, began experimenting with goldfish breeding. Of his first batch, only five percent had the golden color he was looking for and, had he left well enough alone at that point, the day might have been saved for us. As fewer and fewer golden fish were hatched, the strain would eventually have died out and the rest of us—inconspicuously dark and wonderfully unattractive—would have been permitted to swim free.

"But poor Shireman, obviously an unconscious instrument in the hands of the devil, threw some powdered egg yolk into his ponds. Within minutes, almost every fish in the water turned that accursed golden hue that was to damn us to a life of slavery from that day forward.

"Shireman, of course, made a fortune—which I can't possibly see how he could enjoy—and his In-

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diana farm now has 645 separate ponds, 350 acres of water and requires 125 humans to help care for the poor fish who stock it. On some days, as many as 300,000 fish are shipped out to their lives of servitude all over the U. S.

"Some of his fish reach fantastic values, with Moors worth $25 a pair and one freak who turned out red, white and blue, valued at $10,000. Some of this money goes into food for those of us still on the farm—the breeders alone are fed 21,000 pounds of mush in a single day—but most of it goes right into human pockets.

"My friends, I have but a single resolution to offer, but it is easily the most far-reaching of any that has been proposed here. For the consideration of the delegates, I propose that every goldfish now in captivity be turned loose in a warm pond—temperature 70 degrees—and that their owners be reimbursed, either in tropical fish (who certainly seem to thrive as domestics) or in money to be appropriated by the Congress.

"I thank you."

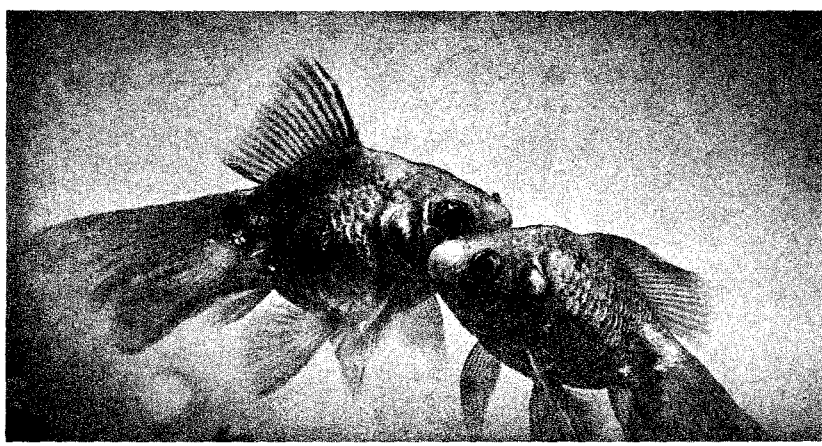
Quickly the chairman mounted the rostrum. "Delegates, as the television time is quickly running out, I propose that we vote on the resolutions proposed here without delay. Now as to the resolution offered . . ."

From somewhere in the dog section, a shrill voice was heard: "Point of order! Point of order!"

Reluctantly the chairman nodded. "The chair recognizes the delegate from Dogdom."

"Mr. Chairman, the constitution specifically provides for a secret ballot. I propose that the television camera-animals be asked to leave the hall during the voting."

A resounding chorus of "Ayes" clearly indicated the sentiment of the delegates. The chairman ordered the cameras removed. In a moment, the monitor screen flickered, and then went off the air. The vote began.



"My dear, they can have their conventions! All I want now is a little privacy."

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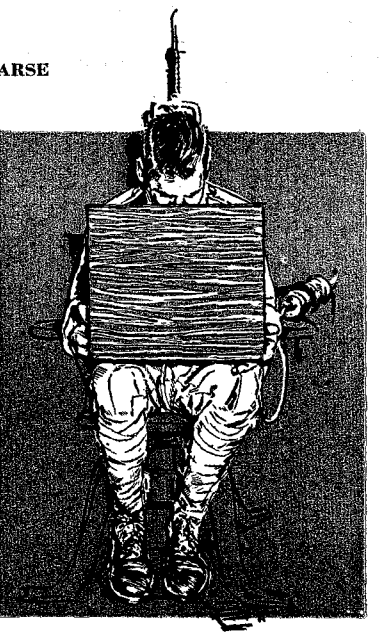
WHY NOT A MEDAL FOR BILL OCKER?

by BEN PEARSE

America has forgotten the pioneer aviation hero who gave us blind flying



PILOTS WHO FLY the world's airlines today pay little heed to clouds or fog. When the whirling whiteness shuts out all view of the earth beneath, they simply turn their eyes to the instrument panel and continue on course until they break out into the clear again.

But less than two decades ago, flyers gave cloud formations a wide berth. Fog often caused cancellation of flight schedules for days on end. It was one of the greatest of all flying hazards.

One man was primarily responsible for the transition from fair-weather flying to the 24-hour schedules we know today. His name was Bill Ocker, an unsung hero if ever there was one.

Bill Ocker was not the intrepid airman type. Bow-legged, balding, with gold-rimmed spectacles framing pale blue eyes, he hardly looked like an airman at all, much less one to shape the course of aviation.

But it took Bill Ocker to prove today's scientific commonplace that the eyes are the key to equilibrium: that without visual reference to the ground or horizon, man just cannot walk or fly in a straight line for more than a brief period. Nor can he judge accurately in which direction he is turning.

You can prove this for yourself by a simple trick. Sit in a swivel chair with feet crossed under you, shut your eyes, and have someone turn you several times, say, to the right. You will feel you are turning to the right. But then slow down the rate of turning, although still turning to the right. You will feel as though you had stopped turning.

Then bring the chair to a stop very gradually. Even when you open your eyes, and can see you are not moving, you will have a sensation of turning left.

In a plane instead of a swivel chair, when a cloud or fog cuts off

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sight of the ground or horizon, sooner or later you start to turn off course.

When you are turning sharply enough to notice it, you naturally try to get back on a straight course by turning in the opposite direction. But without any fixed object to orient yourself by, you cannot tell when you are going straight. Soon you are turning in the opposite direction. By this time, the compass is spinning and is of no help. Your senses are so confused you cannot tell one direction from another, including up and down. If there is a mountain nearby, you hit it. If not, you keep turning faster and faster until your plane spins.

In the early days, flyers did not know this. They fondly believed they flew their planes by what they liked to call the "feel of the ship," also less elegantly known as the "seat of the pants." They believed that men who qualified as pilots possessed a mysterious sixth sense that enabled them to keep their balance in flight.

It was a flattering theory, setting flyers apart as a sort of ethereal Chosen Band. The only trouble was that it did not work in clouds or fog. Pilots kept getting lost and crashing and nobody knew why.

BILL OCKER LEARNED to fly by the approved seat-of-the-pants technique. Born near Philadelphia, he volunteered during the Spanish-American War, saw service in the Philippines and re-enlisted. He was stationed at Fort Myer in 1909 when a flimsy Wright biplane was test-flown and qualified for the Army's first plane contract.

The incident convinced young Ocker that there were opportunities in aviation. When he re-enlisted in 1912, he chose the Signal Corps and shortly afterward went to his company commander, a Captain Mitchell, about transferring to the aviation section.

"Been thinking of transferring myself," said the captain. "Fix up a request and I'll approve it."

A few months later, Ocker was a grease monkey in the Army detachment at the North Island Flying School at San Diego. But only officers were eligible for flying training then. After hours, he got a job at the civilian hangar on the other side of the field. The authorities of the school were so appreciative of his work that one of the instructors taught him to fly. Early in 1914, Sgt. William C. Ocker was licensed to fly by the Aero Club of America. In due course he qualified as a military pilot—without expense to the government.

During World War I, he was commissioned in the reserve and taught flying in Texas. By the summer of 1919, Sergeant Ocker had become Captain Ocker and a flying aide to his former company commander, Brig. Gen. "Billy" Mitchell, Director of Military Aviation.

One day an instrument labeled "Turn Indicator," which operated on the gyroscope principle, was delivered to the director's office. "Ocker," said Gen. Mitchell, "Elmer Sperry claims this thing will

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help in cross-country navigating. Give it a trial."

Wherever Bill went, he clamped the indicator to a strut beside his cockpit. It helped on cross-country flights because it was more sensitive to slight course deviations than the compass.

The trial he never forgot was the time he got into a cloud bigger and thicker than he expected. The motor was racing, the compass spinning like a top. He was not sure just what was happening, but he knew he had to do something, and quick.

He thought of the Turn Indicator. Leveling off, he set a course *the indicator said* was straight. Soon his compass stopped spinning and his motor slowed down to normal speed. Taking a deep breath, he made a slow, 180-degree turn and held a course *the indicator said* was straight. After the longest ten minutes he ever lived, he broke out into blue sky again.

With new confidence now, he tried flying into clouds deliberately, small ones at first, then bigger and bigger ones until neither clouds nor fog fazed him.

What baffled him more than the fog, though, was the refusal of other flyers to try the new device. "Losing your touch" and "just another gadget to watch" were favorite retorts when he offered to demonstrate.

When he was blindfolded and given the revolving-chair test for the first time during his annual physical examination in 1926, he thought for a moment the others might be right. Blindfolded, he could not distinguish direction any better than anyone else. But, recalling the Turn Indicator, he got permission from the flight surgeons to repeat the test next day.

He returned the following morning with the black box that was to become so much a part of his life. It was about a foot wide, two feet high and maybe three feet deep, with a padded opening for the eyes in one end. Inside and opposite the eye opening, he mounted the Turn Indicator and a flashlight to enable him to watch the needle.

Eyes pressed to the padded opening, he disregarded his senses altogether. By following the dip of the needle to right or left, he gave the correct answer every time, no matter which direction he was turned.

Then it dawned on him that the eyes, more than the ears and muscles, are the key to balance and direction. Once sight of the ground is lost, equilibrium is lost, too. The only substitute is the little white needle that always knows best.

Bill Ocker became the prophet of this new doctrine. Some flyers just laughed at him. Some thought he had a screw loose somewhere. The idea that a machine could be right and the human mechanism wrong was unthinkable. But Ocker was making converts here and there.

Instructors at Hancock College of Aeronautics in California took up the Ocker system. When Ocker was transferred to Brooks Field at San Antonio, then a primary flying school, some of the younger instructors became interested. Over the front cockpit of a training plane with dual controls, they fitted an Ocker-designed hood that could be closed in flight to shut out sight of the ground. Taking turns, one pilot would practice flying by instru-

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ments alone while another, in the open rear cockpit, sat ready to right the plane if it got out of control.

At last the heresy spread to the headquarters of the Air Corps Training Center, then at Duncan Field a few miles away. One hot day in July, 1930, Mimeograph machines there whirred out an order for all flying students to get ten hours' instruction under the hood, preceded by the Ocker black-box routine.

All this did not endear him to some among the seat-of-the-pants cult. In his cold war against the unbelievers, he got excited one day and indirectly sassed a superior he believed had ordered him grounded for eye deficiencies, although he, like many older pilots, wore corrective goggles.

This indiscretion brought on a general court martial; but the roll of flyers who rallied to his support read like an aviation Who's Who.

"Except for Major Ocker's great zeal as a missionary," said Orville Wright, "I doubt whether the course in blind flying would be a requirement in the Army today. I believe his campaign of education has had more influence in bringing about the use of instruments than that of any other person."

When the whole story had been told, the court rose above principle and decided, by its "Not Guilty" verdict, that sassing a superior, under some circumstances, can be in the best interests of the service. Back to flying status went Bill Ocker, bifocal goggles and all.

Eventually Ocker's patience and persistence won over even the last of the die-hards. Instrument flying was a foremost fundamental of the airman's trade, when he died in 1942. And thousands of younger flyers, for whom he had shown the way, made brilliant records in the fog and mist of the Aleutians, the South Pacific, Europe and the Hump in India. They won medals by the tens of thousands. Airfields were named after some of them.

But nothing like that ever happened to Bill Ocker, though the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics once chose his black box from among all other inventions submitted as the one contributing most to aviation progress. One distinction alone is his. Never was a prophet so without honor in his own country.

Sermon Without Words

THE PASTOR OF A SMALL CHURCH in New England missed one of his regular parishioners, a man who had been a faithful attendant at Sunday services. So the minister visited his home one evening and found him alone, sitting in front of an open fire in the grate. Without saying a word, the pastor picked up a glowing coal from the fire and put it on the hearth. Then he sat on a chair next to the backslider and waited as they watched the lone ember slowly die out. The man turned to the minister and said: "That was an excellent sermon ... You can count on my being there next Sunday."—*Nassau* (Staten Island)

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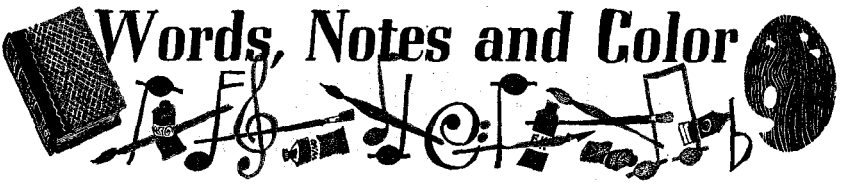
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Words, Notes and Color



WIN ELLIOT, sportscaster and emcee of the quiz show "On Your Account" (CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 4:30-5 P.M., EST), challenges you to put your knowledge of art, music and books to this test: Into which category would you place each masterpiece listed below—music (M), literature (L) or painting (P)? Can you identify the creator of each work from the list at the right? (Answers on page 140.)

1. The Flying Dutchman	M	L	P	da Vinci
2. Adoration of the Magi	M	L	P	O. Henry
3. Gift of the Magi	M	L	P	Wolf-Ferrari
4. The Pearl Fishers	M	L	P	Dickens
5. The Night Watch	M	L	P	Browning
6. The Picture of Dorian Gray	M	L	P	Prokofiev
7. The Angelus	M	L	P	Bonheur
8. A Masked Ball	M	L	P	Thackeray
9. The Love for Three Oranges	M	L	P	Wagner
10. L'Allegro	M	L	P	Wood
11. Swann's Way	M	L	P	Millet
12. The Swan Lake	M	L	P	Rembrandt
13. Vanity Fair	M	L	P	Bizet
14. The Horse-Fair	M	L	P	Joyce
15. The Jewels of the Madonna	M	L	P	Milton
16. Chamber Music	M	L	P	Balfe
17. American Gothic	M	L	P	Wilde
18. Sketches by Boz	M	L	P	Tchaikovsky
19. The Ring and the Book	M	L	P	Proust
20. The Bohemian Girl	M	L	P	Verdi
21. The Judgment of Paris	M	L	P	Massenet
22. The Red Mill	M	L	P	Corot
23. The Mill On The Floss	M	L	P	Hals
24. Scheherazade	M	L	P	Shakespeare
25. Life on the Mississippi	M	L	P	Bellows
26. The Moon and Sixpence	M	L	P	Herbert
27. Stag at Sharkey's	M	L	P	Van Gogh
28. Laughing Cavalier	M	L	P	Eliot
29. Souvenir of Normandy	M	L	P	Maugham
30. Fidelio	M	L	P	Rubens
31. Troilus and Cressida	M	L	P	Saint-Saëns
32. Samson and Delilah	M	L	P	Dostoevsky
33. Starry Night	M	L	P	Rimsky-Korsakov
34. Thaïs	M	L	P	Twain
35. The Brothers Karamazov	M	L	P	Beethoven

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A desperate gang almost got away, using the warden as a hostage

THE BIG BREAK AT SAN QUENTIN

by LEE EDSON

IN THE NOONTIME DIMNESS of the carpenter shop at San Quentin Prison, convict Rudolph Straight glanced again with feverish impatience at the watch on his wrist. Where was Alex McKay? It was 12:15 already. If McKay didn't show up soon, Straight's fantastic plan to escape from the world's largest penitentiary would have to be abandoned, perhaps permanently. For its success, which depended on perfect timing, now hung precariously on one simple item—McKay's drab gray shirt.

Elsewhere on the prison reservation, Straight's other two accomplices also waited tensely for the signal to move: Fred Ehlers clutching the wheel of a dirt truck, Joe Kristy spading with apparent listlessness in the garden. Sixty miles away, on Sherman Island in the San Joaquin delta, ex-con Clyde Stevens, a self-styled John Dillinger of California, had a hide-out ready. Secreted in the prison compound was the key to the whole diabolical scheme—four loaded .45-caliber pistols. But where was McKay?

This concentration of men and weapons had been ingeniously brought together by escape artist Straight, a young thin-faced convict serving 6 to 15 years for armed robbery. Two years earlier, he had attempted to saw the bars of his cell but was caught and put in solitary confinement. A year later, he was found in possession of a steel rod, a hook, 30 feet of rope and a master key to the cells on his tier. When he came out of his second stint in solitary, he knew he could never escape unless he had aides.

These he picked carefully—Joe Kristy, a tough youngster serving 6 to 15 years for kidnapping; Alex McKay, a quick-tempered robber who once knifed an inmate over a sack of tobacco, serving 13½ years; Fred Ehlers, another young robber doing 12 years for robbery and five years for assault.

Through their combined efforts, Straight proposed to stage the most spectacular break-out ever attempted in an American prison—a break-out that involved holding as hostages almost the entire prison administration of California. The date was January 16, 1935.

Finally, Alex McKay arrived.

Unobserved by the civilian shop boss, the two men ducked behind a pile of equipment and hurriedly exchanged shirts. Straight, the incorrigible, needed McKay's num-

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bered shirt to get past the main wall guard into the fenced-in compound. McKay, an "inside trusty," could move about the grounds freely and the wall guards passed him through on sight. Kristy and Ehlers, "maintenance trustees," also had access to confined areas outside the walls.

Straight slipped from the shop, located the truck and climbed into the cab. Ehlers started the machine toward the gate. Would the guard pause to check? Would he recognize Straight?

The two men were sweating when the truck stopped. But the guard merely glanced at the serial number on Straight's shirt, nodded to Ehlers and gave them the "high-ball," as the convicts call permission to pass.

Down the road, the exultant pair picked up McKay, Kristy and the guns, and the truck headed uphill for the warden's house where, the men knew, the California Board of Prison Directors would be at lunch.

Straight suddenly pointed to a big black limousine parked outside. "The warden's car," he chuckled. "Our getaway job. Here's luck."

Pulling in to the rear of the house, the four got out, straining to appear casual, and went inside. A Chinese cook at work in the kitchen suddenly found himself staring into four gun muzzles.

Straight tied and gagged him and shoved him into a pantry. Then they went swiftly down a hallway and up the stairs, like a small wolf pack scenting prey, toward where they could hear the Board members chatting after having finished their luncheon.

"Hands up!"

The command put an abrupt period to the conversation between Mark Noon, Warren Atherton, Joseph Stephens and Frank Sykes, president of the Board. Big genial Warden James Holohan, just entering the dining room after taking a phone call in his study, turned as if to go back and a bullet thudded into the wall beside his head. Jaw set, the warden kept going.

Straight lunged, gave him a brutal smash on the head with the butt of his gun. The two men grappled. But the dazed 64-year-old warden was no match for the convict, who hit him so hard that the warden's body smashed a door frame and he fell bleeding to the floor.

Straight, crazy with anger, raised

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his arm for the death blow when Ehlers shoved him aside. "Lay off!" he growled.

Grabbing the barely-conscious warden by the shoulders, he dragged him to a chair and wiped some of the blood from his face. McKay and Kristy, holding the other officials at bay, went into immediate action.

"Take off your clothes," one of them snarled. "Quick."

Mark Noon, chubby secretary of the Board, was directed to keep his on, however, as none of the slight-figured convicts could wear them. The exchange of clothing took about five minutes. It was 1:15.

Kristy looked around in satisfaction, pointed his gun menacingly at Noon. "Call the towers," he snapped. "Tell them not to shoot or somebody will get hurt. We're coming out."

Realizing that resistance at this stage would mean death, Noon put the call through.

What happened next still haunts prison administrators. With guards powerless to act, the convicts herded their hostages to the warden's limousine. Guard lieutenants Harry Jones and Clarence Doose, waiting to chauffeur the Board to San Rafael, were covered before they could move.

Jones, a gun in his neck, was forced into the driver's seat. Kristy and Ehlers got in the back facing three officials huddled on the floor. McKay, his gun on the other, crouched up front. Straight ordered Doose to stand on one running board as a shield, then hopped on the other to direct operations.

All around, the convicts could see guards converging, tower rifles and machine guns were trained on them, but the heavily-laden car headed unimpeded toward the west gate. They were jubilant. Beyond lay the highway and freedom. Only one obstacle remained. Would the last gate open?

Straight's lean frame tensed. Big, tough Captain of the Yard Ralph New was coming too close. Noon screamed frantically to let the car pass. New backed off. Realizing a rush would be suicide, he signaled the guards. The gate swung open. With sirens screaming behind them the limousine streaked out, then stopped suddenly to drop off Lt. Doose who was told to warn off pursuers. Starting up again, the car roared past the prison quarry and made for the open highway.

THEREUPON began the biggest manhunt in modern California history. News of the break traveled with lightning speed. The Governor alerted all highway patrols. Posses appeared like magic, formed of state troopers, sheriffs' deputies, constables and prison guards.

But the convicts had expected this. Straight directed Jones to head north toward the Black Point cut-off, which led inland around San Pablo Bay. He figured that once off the highway, they could eventually lose their pursuers in the winding back roads, then take a roundabout route to the hideout in the San Joaquin marshland.

It turned out to be tougher than he thought. Behind, a prison car began to catch up. Straight ordered Jones to slow down. Noon was told to warn the guards not to follow, and then was kicked off. The escape car roared on again and for a time

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everything looked clear up ahead.

Then McKay suddenly pointed. Around a bend was a cordon of grim-faced law enforcement officers, strung out on both sides of the highway. Guns bristled. If the cops opened fire, it would be the end. The Board members expected bullets in their backs at any moment.

Straight pushed his gun harder against Jones' neck and yelled. "Faster!" The car leaped forward and a few officers who had not yet heard of the hold-fire warning began to shoot. Straight laughed hysterically as the car swept through.

His laughter died quickly. Around another turn a sign pointed to the Petaluma Creek drawbridge. Would it be down? The convicts started to argue, decided finally to take the chance and push ahead.

It was a mistake. The bridge was up; the gatekeeper, out of reach on the other side, had been warned, and behind, following warily, came the cars of the posses.

Cursing, the convicts turned back. The limousine barreled through another hail of fire onto the Redwood Highway.

TWENTY MINUTES later they ran into new trouble—a posse of highway patrolmen coming south. Alerted to the escape but not knowing there were hostages, officers again opened fire. The gas tank was hit, springing a leak. Still the car kept going.

The chase grew hotter. Posses spraying gunfire hemmed them in from all directions. A rear tire went flat and the limousine began to skid crazily. At this point, Lieut. Jones fell out and Kristy took the wheel. A shot ripped off another tire and

the car almost turned over. Kristy righted it and miraculously continued to get speed from the beaten machine.

A bullet tore through the body of the car, narrowly missing the hostages lying on the floor. Another creased Sykes' hip, was deflected by a dime in his pocket and imbedded itself in Stephens' leg.

At Valley Ford, some 50 miles northwest of San Quentin, Kristy yelled: "The car's done for! We'll have to duck in somewhere and fight it out!"

He swung the car into a field, smashing through a fence. The prisoners piled out and raced for the cover of a small creamery while the car kept going until it crashed into a farmer's shed. (It was later found to have 19 bullet holes in it.)

The badly-shaken officials also scrambled for cover, for in their prison clothes they might be mistaken for the escapees and shot.

The lawmen closed in from all sides. A figure dashed into the open. One of the sheriffs leveled his rifle, when Sykes and Stephens screamed: "For God's sake, don't shoot! It's Atherton."

At this moment, Kristy, McKay and Ehlers stumbled out of the building with their hands raised.

Suddenly wild-eyed Straight appeared in the back door, a gun in his hand. Posseman Albert E. Bagshaw, then Marin County District Attorney, fired and Straight

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crumpled, shot through the head.

Two hours later, the others were back within the walls of San Quentin; and that night, police, acting on a tip, closed in on bank bandit Clyde Stevens, last member of the gang.

The big mystery was: how did the guns get into the prison? Stevens supplied the answer. Released on parole in December, he managed surreptitiously to wire the revolvers under the fenders of a car belonging to a prison employee who lived in San Rafael. During working hours the car was always parked on the prison reservation where it was easy for Kristy and McKay, as trusties with less supervision, to remove the weapons and hide them.

James Holohan, the kindly warden, recovered from his severe beating and returned to his post, but to the day of his death he never got over the fact that the prisoners for whom he had done so much had repaid his kindness by singling him out for brutal attack.

The escapees were tried in the State Supreme Court, with Albert E. Bagshaw, the man who killed Straight, as prosecuting attorney. Kristy and McKay were convicted of kidnapping and hanged, but Ehlers was given a break because of the part he played in saving the warden's life. Having served a long term, he is now on parole (and in order to protect his identity, his real name has not been revealed in this account of his last offense). Stevens was sent to maximum-security Folsom Prison, where two years later he lost his life at the hands of a fellow inmate.

At the warden's house, where the Board of Prison Directors still lunches when it meets at San Quentin, there remains a small bullet hole in the dining-room wainscoting, mute reminder of a break-out unrivaled in penal history.

Scientific Problem

ONE DAY Robert Wilhelm Bunsen, inventor of the Bunsen burner, and Gustav Robert Kirchhoff, one of the world's ablest physicists, were walking across the grounds of Heidelberg University. As they passed a metal globe set on a low pedestal, Bunsen absent-mindedly ran his fingers lightly along its silvered surface—and stopped in amazement.

"Gustav," he exclaimed, "feel this! It is phenomenal! The side in shadow is extremely warm, almost hot, while this side in full exposure to the sun's rays is *cool!*"

The gentlemen of science promptly tackled this bewildering phenomenon. Could it be that they had accidentally stumbled upon some strange, undiscovered law of light or heat? Might they be on the brink of something earth-shattering?

They were interrupted by a campus gardener who walked up to the globe and nonchalantly turned it. Noticing that the great men were watching him bug-eyed, he volunteered a simple explanation. "Always I turn this thing around every time I pass by," he said. "Keeps one side from getting too hot."

—MARY ALKUS

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by BOB COOKE

COURTLY MANNERS

IN 1935, on the famed tennis courts of England's Wimbledon, Donald Budge was a freckle-faced youngster of 19 imported from California. On this particular day, he was scheduled to play Gottfried von Cramm of Germany, in a quarter-final match. It was considered a foregone conclusion that von Cramm, with more experience behind him, would dispose of the talented American, but the British love their tennis and a crowd of 18,000 looked on as play began.

The center court at Wimbledon, hallowed ground for a tennis player, is situated beneath a box reserved for England's King and Queen. The box is situated above one end of the court, like seats behind the goal posts.

Budge and von Cramm were well into their first set before anyone appeared in the royal box. Budge, untutored in the ways of Wimbledon, was preparing to serve when he was astonished to see von Cramm standing rigidly at attention, along with 18,000 people in the stands.

Queen Mary had entered the arena and was being greeted by her audience. Budge, having never been in England before, paced the turf in nervous embarrassment, an actor on a stage without an act.

Play resumed, and in a little while von Cramm and Budge changed courts, the American switching to the side directly beneath the Queen. On his way to the baseline, Budge raised his hand almost imperceptibly. The gallery took no notice of the gesture, but two sports writers reported next day that Budge had waved to the Queen, unprecedented at Wimbledon. Budge in all sincerity denied it, saying he had merely brushed his brow.

Thereafter, wherever Budge played, he was sure to hear the question: "Why did you wave at the Queen?" And so, as the days went by, Don began to wonder if he really *had* waved at the Queen.

In 1937, he returned to England and won the Wimbledon title. After the victory, Budge was invited to the royal box.

"It certainly must be a great thrill for yourself, as well as your parents, to be able to represent your country in this way," said Queen Mary. "I wanted you to know England is proud of you, too."

Budge graciously accepted the kind words.

"And one thing more," continued Queen Mary. "I wanted to tell you personally that I'm awfully sorry I didn't see you wave at me two years ago. If I had, I certainly would have waved back!"

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Higher Than Everest

by OTHA C. SPENCER

Behind the Bamboo Curtain is a peak which may be the "Roof of the World"

IS MOUNT EVEREST the world's highest mountain? This question, one of the 20th century's strangest mysteries, was spotlighted anew by a seemingly insignificant entry in a military pilot's log during World War II. Its six words, released in a routine news report, caused great excitement among explorers and scientists.

"Sighted mountain peak over 30,000 feet" was the brief notation made in the navigation log during a flight over the Hump from India.

Mount Everest, in Nepal, 29,002 feet high, has been accepted as "king of mountains" since 1841, when Sir George Everest completed his survey of the Himalayas. Is it possible that another mountain towers above it? Some geographers say "no," others "yes."

Rumor has always said that there was a higher mountain than Everest. But climbers were not interested in finding this peak until Everest was conquered last summer. Now, scientists are looking to Tsinghai Province in China. Here, in mysterious seclusion, lies Amne Machin, the mountain which could dethrone Everest as the "Roof of the World."

In March, 1944, a huge four-engined transport plane of the Army Air Force was off course high in the clouds over Central China. Since being lost was almost routine, this did not worry the pilot. It would be only a matter of time before a strong radio signal would be received to guide him safely home.

However, he did worry about crashing into a high mountain peak in the clouds. To stay clear, he pushed the nose of the plane upward and leveled off at 30,000 feet, giving him a comfortable margin above the highest peak in all of Asia.

Suddenly the plane broke into the clear. What the pilot saw froze

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him with fright. To the left, less than a mile away, was a mountain peak towering at least 2,000 feet above his flight altitude!

He could hardly believe his instruments. Yet after careful checking, he found them to be in perfect order. At 30,000 feet he was flying below this towering peak, although no such mountain could be found listed on any map.

Immediately the world took notice. Scientists and geographers announced that the pilot must have been flying near Amne Machin in Tsinghai Province, location of the last unexplored mountain range in the world with any reasonable chance of harboring a peak higher than Everest.

Although Amne Machin had been sighted before, this was the first time that any rough measurement of its height had been made.

The little that is known about Amne Machin marks it as a "jinx" mountain. Local legend says that all who travel near the peak are doomed to disaster and death. Evidence in the past of Amne Machin supports this superstition.

In the shadow of the mountain live the fierce Ngoloks, Mongolian-Chinese nomads who worship the towering peaks as the home of their gods. To them, Amne Machin is the most sacred of all mountains.

In 1922, Gen. George Pereira, a British Army officer traveling in Tsinghai, became the first European to see Amne Machin. In an area bristling with jagged peaks over 20,000 feet, Pereira noted that "Amne Machin towers above all others."

He was so impressed by this magnificent mountain that he organized an expedition the following year to measure its height. However, Pereira died while enroute, his guides deserted in terror, and the mission was never completed.

Later, French explorer, Dutreuil de Rhins, was captured by the Ngoloks, laced in a leather bag and drowned in an icy river. A German explorer was murdered by the nomads while attempting to reach Amne Machin; and another explorer, a Dr. Migot, was robbed of his supplies, stripped of clothing and set afoot in freezing weather. He was never found.

The legend of the jinx was strengthened as each attempt ended in death or disaster. In 1948, Milton Reynolds, the ball-point pen king, financed an expedition to China in an attempt to solve the riddle of the mystery peak. Flying in a converted Army B-24, Reynolds left Chicago on February 29, accompanied by photographers, weather and geographic experts equipped with the latest in scientific measur-

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ing instruments. The expedition was to have been a joint effort with Chinese scientists.

After reaching Peiping, bad weather caused the first delay. Then a wheel slipped off the runway and sank into the soft dirt, damaging the landing gear and a propeller. Disheartened, Reynolds announced that he was giving up.

After repairs were made, Reynolds and his pilot, Bill Odom, told the Chinese that they were flying to Calcutta, India. When they returned, 12 hours later, they were charged with making a secret flight to Amne Machin, thus violating their agreement with the Chinese.

With their plane under armed guard, Reynolds and Odom asked that they be permitted to fill the gas tanks to prevent possible damage. The Chinese permitted this request. The two then bribed their way onto the plane by giving the guards fountain pens. Once on board, they started the engines and made a dangerous down-wind take-off.

As they headed out to sea, they heard fighter aircraft being alerted to shoot them down. But by flying close to the water for several hundred miles, they made their escape to Japan.

The Chinese made a reconnaissance flight of their own to Amne Machin in April, 1948. Moon Chin, rated the best pilot in China, flew two missions to the area with newspapermen and photographers.

Their report stated that the highest peak found was only 19,000 feet. This report could not be accepted as official because of the absence of scientists and scientific measuring instruments on the flight. Many feel that this was merely an attempt to establish a false height for Amne Machin to discourage further scientific invasions of China.

Immediately following these missions, the Amne Machin "jinx" struck Moon Chin. His Chinese airline suffered financial disaster.

One other attempt to measure Amne Machin is recorded. In 1949, Leonard Clark, an experienced explorer, made his way to the base of Amne Machin after a dangerous journey through the Ngolok infested plains. Clark measured the peak and found it to be 29,661 feet high —659 feet higher than Everest.

However, clouds moved in and covered the top of the peak, preventing a check on his figures. When Clark returned to civilization, his calculations were checked and the report was rejected.

Today, Amne Machin still hides inviolate in the vast wilds of China. She holds out a promise of high adventure to any man who will measure her peak. The prize could be the greatest geographic discovery of the century.

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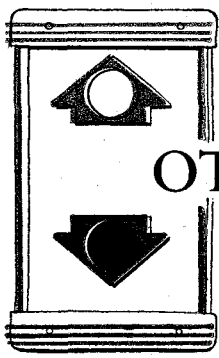

The "ups-and-downs" story of the elevator firm that began back in 1853

OTIS LIFTS THE WORLD

by TOM MAHONEY

UNTIL SERVICE IS DISRUPTED by a strike such as hit 123 Chicago skyscrapers not long ago, Americans take for granted the elevator—the invention that literally raised the skyline and made possible modern cities. The Chicagoans affected will never forget the experience.

Many offices high in the Board of Trade, LaSalle-Wacker and Field structures did not open for a week. In others, food was hauled up by rope, packages and papers lowered the same way. Some workers who climbed to lofty offices slept there for days rather than repeat the struggle.

In addition to its life and death importance in modern life, elevator service has other distinctions. It is the only form of mass transportation that is usually free, and it is by far the safest. Statistics show that you are safer "facing the front" in an elevator than you are cooking in your kitchen or at work in a factory; and you are much safer going up and down than crossing a busy street.

That this is so, and also that there are skyscrapers, is due to Elisha Graves Otis and the company he founded a century ago. Though there are more than 150 elevator manufacturers, there are more Otis elevators than all others combined.

The Otis Elevator Company, which now does a business of more than $100,000,000 a year, also makes escalators (the word was originally an Otis trademark), hoists, electric dumb-waiters, inclined railways and almost any lift device you can imagine.

One of the newest of these is a ten-ton electric car, resembling a ship's bridge, which circles the roof of the new Lever Building in New York. From it, window-washers lower themselves in a steel gondola car for the cleaning of the structure's acres of glass windows.

Walter Winchell, the columnist, once waited impatiently for an elevator in Miami Beach's Roney Plaza Hotel. When it finally arrived, he said to the operator: "Where were you?"

"Where," demanded the boy, "can you go in an elevator?"

You can go all sorts of places. An elevator to the marriage license bureau in a California courthouse is called "the honeymoon express." There are Otis elevators in the Empire State Building, the world's tallest; the Washington Monument,

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where the dimes charged for the rides pay all expenses; the Statue of Liberty; the new United Nations Secretariat Building; the White House; and even in Buckingham Palace. This makes the British Otis affiliate "lift-makers to Her Majesty." Otis moves Panama Canal gates and inclined railway cars on Lookout Mountain.

When the world's most powerful aviation beacon was built on Chicago's Palmolive Building, there was posed the problem of servicing a two-billion-candle-power beacon atop a wind-swept skyscraper in all sorts of weather. Otis engineers provided the answer by installing in the slender tower supporting the beacon a tiny cage barely large enough for one thin man. It makes two stops in rising 56 feet and is the world's smallest elevator.

The largest elevator ever made by Otis probably was a 250-ton stage lift for New York's old Hippodrome. It raised a monster water tank in which Annette Kellerman and her bathing beauties splashed, at other times, platforms heavily loaded with performing horses and elephants.

Twenty-ton trucks are handled like toys by Otis freight elevators in New York's Port Authority terminal building. When first installed some years ago, a formal dinner for 64 persons was served in one of them. Each course came from a different floor and everything moved up and down so smoothly that not a drink was spilled.

Word of this stunt gave Jan Bata, the Czech shoe magnate, the idea of moving his office into an elevator. Otis did a special job for his factory at Zlin, which carries Bata, desks, filing cases and a couple of secretaries. One of the latter doubles as "operator." Bata's employees do not come to the office, the office goes to them.

"It saves my time, it saves their time," explained Bata enthusiastically, "and everybody is always alert. They know that I might stop at their floor any time."

Many elevators have been installed in recent years with more of an idea of going "down" than "up." One of these drops tourists 750 feet into the Carlsbad Cavern in New Mexico. Its shaft, or "hatch" as elevator insiders say, is the highest of any outside of New York City. With the adoption of portal-to-portal pay scales in coal mines, many elevators were installed to get miners in and out quickly.

One of these in the big Willow Grove mine at St. Clairsville, Ohio, brought 155 miners safely to the surface in 1948 when fire broke out in an intake airway. A pre-elevator explosion had killed 72 men there.

THE ANCIENT Greeks and Romans had crude slave-powered hoists, but not until Elisha Graves Otis was there a safe elevator. Otis, a bearded Vermonter then 41 years old, was asked in 1852 to make a freight hoist for a bedstead factory in Yonkers, New York, where he was employed as a master mechanic.

He came up with an elevator which had an ordinary wagon spring overhead. When all went well, the weight of the car kept the spring compressed. But if the cable holding the car parted or became slack, the spring expanded instantly and forced outward two metal dogs, which caught in notched metal

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channels provided in the shaft wall just for this purpose. This stopped the car with a jolt.

Otis did not realize that he had invented anything. The bedstead company was going bankrupt and he was preparing to seek gold in California when Benjamin Newhouse, New York furniture manufacturer with the memory of a hoist accident fresh in his mind, chanced to see the Otis creation.

"Make me two just like it for my factory," ordered the New Yorker. Otis did so at $300 each, installing the first in the Newhouse factory at 245 Hudson Street on September 20, 1853.

Thus encouraged, Otis turned to elevator-making and personally demonstrated his safety device at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, a world's fair on the present site of New York's Bryant Park. While crowds gawked, he would be pulled aloft on a loaded platform and an assistant would then dramatically sever the rope.

"All safe, gentlemen, all safe," Otis announced to the gasping crowd with a flourish of his tall hat as the spring device arrested his fall.

This showmanship sold a score of hoists, and the inventor began to advertise "Otis improved platform elevators for steam, water, hand or other power, so constructed that if the rope breaks, the platform cannot fall." It was 1857 before anybody bought one purely for passenger use. This was installed in the five-floor housewares store of E. V. Haughwout & Company at Broome Street and Broadway in New York.

Diphtheria killed Otis in 1861 when he still had only eight or ten workmen making elevators in the old bedstead factory at Yonkers. The business was inherited and expanded by his sons, Charles R. and Norton P. Otis, who together were granted 53 patents on improvements. One of these was a governor device which is still in use for the gradual stopping of an elevator going too fast.

Produced for many years were hydraulic elevators, including a plunger type which required a tube in the earth as deep as the building was high. These made possible the structure for which the word "skyscraper" was first used—Chicago's 12-story Tacoma Building, completed in 1888. Since then, every "tallest building in the world" has been Otis-equipped.

Electric elevators were made beginning in 1889, while push-button self-service types for homes and apartments were offered from 1892 on. But older types continued in service. Two ornate, hand-rope controlled, carved oak elevators installed by Otis in 1875 in the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga Springs, New York, functioned until the building was torn down in 1952. Nine hydraulic elevators placed in the New York Produce Exchange in 1883 are still in service.

Escalators began to be made in 1900. Shortly after that, the present Otis Company was formed with the addition of several other elevator firms. The word escalator was derived from the Latin word "scala," meaning ladder. It soon proved an economical means of quickly moving subway and store crowds. Ma-

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cy's in New York has 70 escalators, Kaufman's in Pittsburgh has 90.

The Neiman-Marcus store in Dallas claims that its new escalator is the most beautiful in the world. It is surrounded by a rare green marble from Sweden and boasts special panel lighting. A cowboy strode aboard and dismounted upstairs with the comment: "She's well broke."

A store sold tickets at 30 cents each for rides on the first escalator installed in Shanghai, China. Four Otis escalators are an attraction of the new Sears Roebuck store in Rio de Janeiro. Some 80,000 persons rode them on opening day. The first seagoing escalators move waiters from kitchen to dining saloon on the Holland-America liner *Nieuw Amsterdam*.

More than half of the 22,300 Otis employees, incidentally, work outside the United States. In addition to the big U.S. plants at Harrison, New Jersey, and Yonkers, there are Otis factories in London, Berlin, Tokyo, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Milan and Naples; Bezons, France; Wadeville, Transvaal; and Hamilton, Ontario.

An order for two of the most luxurious elevators ever made came to Otis from the late King Ibn Saud of Saudi-Arabia a few years ago. In the expectation of a pilgrimage by the since-deposed King Farouk of Egypt, the Arabian monarch wanted the elevators for his guest palace at Mecca. They were to ply only from the first to the second floor, but had to be lined with green and white silk and equipped with a cushioned satin divan.

The elevators were no problem, but getting them delivered was. The Hejaz railway into Saudi Arabia has never been rebuilt since T. E. Lawrence destroyed it in World War I, and only Mohammedans are allowed in the Holy City of Mecca. The elevators were sent first to Cairo, where a staff of Moslems was assembled and instructed in what needed to be done, then via the Red Sea to Jiddah and by truck to Mecca.

Being more interested in dancing girls than pilgrimages, King Farouk failed to show up, but the elevators pleased King Ibn Saud, who was said to have enjoyed demonstrating them personally for visiting Mohammedan notables.

LONG SERVICE is the rule among Otis workers both at home and abroad. President LeRoy A. Petersen and 2,000 others have been Otis men for more than a quarter of a century. A dozen old-timers have been with the company 50 years.

A lot of elevator work is nocturnal. Between midnight and dawn, service men ride aloft on the tops of elevators inspecting cables by flashlight in deserted skyscrapers. Anything worn is replaced. Otis service men in New York City are sent to rush jobs by "Aircall," a radio paging service. There are Otis men in every important port of the free world to service elevators in ships, and Otis warehouses over the world stock parts for any elevator made by the company in the last 60 years.

All of this, plus government regulation and the requirements of insurance companies, give elevators their almost unbelievable safety record. While a few persons still fall into elevator shafts, and some others

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are hurt getting in or out, almost nobody gets hurt *inside* an elevator. This despite the fact that in New York City alone there are 43,440 elevators which carry 17,500,000 passengers a vertical 125,000 miles every day. The 232,000 passenger elevators in the United States this year will carry the equivalent of 20,000,000,000 passengers some 500,000,000 miles.

Indeed, the only instance of an Otis traction elevator falling because of broken cables was when an Army bomber crashed into the side of the Empire State Building and severed safety as well as traction cables of one of the 69 elevators there. Though it fell 17 floors, the girl operator, alone in it, survived.

This fall was not due to failure of their equipment, Otis men insist. "The safety equipment was not proof, nor intended to be proof, against plane collision," says President Petersen, "any more than a railway block system will protect a train from the remote contingency of a collision with a Flying Fortress."

The White House elevator, which dated from 1902, traveled only 75 feet a minute and during an overhaul in the time of President Coolidge it was proposed to speed it up to 250 feet a minute. He objected strongly. It developed that he liked to ride in the elevator all by himself, while his Secret Service escort ran upstairs to meet him.

The engineers compromised with him on 100 feet a minute, a speed still within the sprinting ability of the Secret Service. The old elevator was retired to the Smithsonian Institution in 1946.

You don't mind waiting 20 or 30 seconds for an elevator, Otis researchers have found, but 30 to 60 makes you hot under the collar. Pushing the button a second time doesn't speed things at all, though it could in the old days of audible signals. A Western delegate to a national political convention once became so furious at being passed up that he emptied his pistol into a hotel elevator shaft. In an effort to avoid ire of this sort, a lot of engineering has gone into devices to reduce waiting time.

At first you were at the mercy of the elevator operator. He could stop for you, or if you neglected him at Christmas, he could pass you up. Also, at speeds of around 600 feet a minute, it was impossible for even the best-intentioned operators to read floor numbers, pay attention to signals and deal with impatient passengers. Both problems were answered by automatic leveling devices and signal controls, invented by a group of Otis engineers.

Signal control relieved the operator of all duties except opening the door and pressing buttons to register the destinations of passengers. Also, the pressing of a button in a hallway not only signaled the elevator but actually stopped it. This made possible speeds of

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1,400 feet a minute and permitted big buildings to be served by fewer elevators.

Amazing unattended elevator systems in which electronic controls make decisions formerly made by operators have been introduced in the last four years. A passenger just enters and presses a button. When a few seconds pass or a weight registering device notes that the car is full, it starts up. When the last passenger gets off, the car may be scheduled to return non-stop to the ground level.

These elevators have proximity safety devices to prevent doors from closing on anybody. An electronic "brain" can be set to provide faster up or down service to meet varying traffic patterns during the day. There is even a "forgotten man" feature which shoots a car up to a passenger who wants to go counter to the traffic pattern.

If skyscrapers are to be built even higher than at present, engineers have two ideas for reducing the costly space required for elevators. One calls for a stream of cars going up one shaft and coming down another. Safety devices would prevent their overtaking each other.

The other scheme in a 100-story building, for example, would have express elevators go to the 25th, 50th, 75th and 100th floors. Local elevators, operating in 25-story segments, would serve the other floors.

Nobody has placed an order, but Otis has the men and machinery to install either any time someone wants to build another "tallest building in the world."

Psubtle Psychology

A CERTAIN Canadian public school has a new fence built by a bachelor called Swede. It's a perfectly sound fence, made of wire and timber, with a wide gate, but halfway along one side, Swede cut a good-sized hole in it. The school trustee asked why?

Swede said, "I know kids. You put in a gate and they climb over the fence. This way, they all go through the hole and the fence lasts longer."

WHEN A NAVAL officers' association decided to hold a ball recently, a few executives thought the word "formal" on the tickets might discourage some husbands. But they got around this by sending the tickets anyway and following them later with a note to all the wives. It read: "Last week, your husband was sent tickets for the Naval Officers' Ball. Has he told you about it yet?"

The turnout was magnificent.

—*Maclean's Magazine*

A JOB APPLICANT, asked why he left his previous employment, explained, "I was fired because I would not take the money bag to the bank for the daily deposit."

The interviewer wanted to know if the money was insured?

"Yes, sir!" said the boy. "The money bag was insured all right . . . but, I wasn't." He got the job.

—CHARLIE PHILLIPS

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Secrets of Adjusting Yourself to Life

by JAMES GORDON GILKEY

No one can live a life free of hardships, but everyone can learn to live with them

ON NOVEMBER 7, 1867, a girl named Marja Sklodowska was born in Warsaw, Poland. You may not identify her by her maiden name, but you will place her when you learn that she married a scientist named Pierre Curie, and that together they discovered radium.

It is strange to read the story of Marja Sklodowska's life and find how many difficult adjustments she had to make. When she was only 11 years old her mother died, and she had to reshape her little world. When she was 24, she went to Paris to study science, and there had to adjust to extreme poverty.

Marja lived in the attic of a middle-class house. Her room had neither heat nor water, and the only light was provided by a small window. Her expenditures for everything—lodging, food, heat, clothing, books and fees at the university—totalled only thirty cents a day. That was all the money her father could send her.

The adjustment to extreme poverty? Marja knew it only too well.

When she was 27 she met Pierre Curie, and one year later they were married. Their life together was ideally happy—so happy that one day Marja said to her husband, "If one of us should die, the other ought not to survive. We couldn't live without each other, could we?"

But presently Marja had to learn to live without Pierre. One night in 1906, when they had been married less than 11 years, he tried to cross a crowded street. He was knocked down by a heavy wagon and died instantly.

Madame Curie was only 39 when she lost her husband, and she lived to be 67. Twenty-eight years . . . and, whether she wanted to or not, she had to adjust to prolonged, heartbreaking loneliness.

Multitudes of people are now repeating Marja Sklodowska's sad experience. They are facing hardships which cannot be averted or avoided, and they are struggling to adjust to them. Sometimes these hardships are the very ones Marja knew—bereavement, poverty, loneliness. In other instances they are of a different type.

All of us know people who are trying to adjust to a new home, a

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new community, a new job. The adjustment is not easy, but somehow it must be made. All of us know people who are trying to adjust to a new stage in their own career. We know boys and girls who are trying to adjust to adolescence, young people who are trying to adjust to marriage and parenthood, middle-aged men and women who are trying to adjust to diminishing strength and dwindling opportunities, elderly people who are trying to adjust to old age.

Are these adjustments easy? No—and yet all of them must be made as we pass through the years.

What does it mean to make an adjustment successfully? First, it means to remain emotionally undisturbed while the adjusting goes on. For example, to face bereavement without going into hysterics, to endure poverty and loneliness without becoming bitter, to deal with difficult people without indulging in angry abuse.

Making an adjustment successfully also means doing fine work in spite of the handicaps that life has imposed. It means finishing a course at the university, finishing with honors, and doing so even though one has only 30 cents a day to live on. It means winning distinction as a scientist, and doing so even if one is burdened for 28 years with almost unendurable loneliness.

Suppose you face a hard situation which can be neither evaded nor eliminated, a situation to which—with good grace or bad—you must adapt yourself. What are the things you can do to help make your adjustment successfully?

To begin with, tell yourself that final control over your life-situation will always rest with you. It does not rest with other people, or with the pressures falling on you from outside.

Within you is the living, creative thing called "self." That "self" does more than react helplessly to circumstances; it has the power (if you permit it to exert the power) to evaluate circumstance, devise ways by which circumstance can be managed, and then set in motion forces which will finally alter circumstance. Gradually it will create within you the confidence and the affirmative attitude toward life which you need if you are to make an adjustment successfully.

THE SECOND THING you must do is this. Study your life-situation until you locate clearly the parts of it which can—or cannot—be changed. To accept everything in your life-situation, both the portions of it which are susceptible to change and the portions which are not, is to show yourself a coward. It is to deny the living, creative "self" within you the opportunity to reshape your little world.

What are the permanent restrictions in your life today? Even if you have been fortunate enough to escape bereavement, poverty and loneliness, there are at least three elements which you cannot alter.

You cannot change your native equipment. There are some things you can do well, some you can do only with difficulty, some you cannot do at all. No effort possible in later years will alter the precise combination of your native skills.

Furthermore, you cannot change the number of your birthdays. Whether you want to admit it or

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not, you are no longer as young as you used to be. Saying "yes" to your age, particularly if your age happens to be middle age or old age, is not pleasant. Yet what else can be said?

The third element which cannot be changed is the part shaped by the period of history in which you happen to live. Think of the young men who happened to be born between 1915 and 1920, and who were between 20 and 30 years old when World War II was raging. The period of history in which their lives were cast affected them tragically, yet nothing could alter that grim situation.

Or think of the parents of those young men. The date of their birth predetermined them to spend their later years in the postwar period, and this in turn means that many of their hopes for achievement will never be realized.

WHEN YOU HAVE thus located the parts of your life-situation which cannot be altered, what should you do? You should accept them, permanently as well as provisionally. You should accept them with your emotions as well as your intellect. You should hold your hands out to them, take them as the framework within which your life will henceforth be lived and your work henceforth be done.

Is any such wholehearted acceptance possible? All I can say is that multitudes of individuals have learned to take what is forced upon them and, in doing so, have gained the capacity for quiet, easy, successful adjustment. Listen to the testimony of three such men.

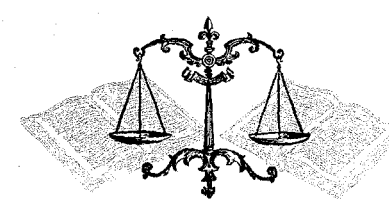
The first was King George V of Britain. Someone once asked him to write an inscription on the flyleaf of a Bible, and these were the strange words he penned: "The secret of finding happiness is not to do what you like to do, but to learn to like what you have to do."

The second man was the American poet, James Whitcomb Riley. Here is the wisdom he gained from the years:

It hain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice:
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

And the third man? He was Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, an American physician who spent virtually his entire adult life adjusting to tuberculosis. At the end of the years he wrote these profound words: "To cease to rebel, to stop fighting back, to be content with half a loaf when you cannot have a whole one—these are hard lessons, but all of us must learn them. I have found that the great word is *Acquiescence*."

But the final thing you must do to make a successful adjustment is even more important than either of the other two. You must deliberately take your attention off yourself—off your frustrations, your disappointments, your unhappiness. You must deliberately focus your atten-



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tion on the opportunities waiting in the remaining years of your life.

One such opportunity is the opportunity which Marja Sklodowska found—the chance to accomplish something fine, even in a restricted area. Who can compute the number of heroic men and women who have located this opportunity and then made the most of it?

Like Madame Curie they completed their experiments; like Robert Louis Stevenson they finished writing their books; like Dr. Trudeau they built their hospitals. This is the opportunity that you, too, can discover—the opportunity to focus thoughts and effort on others, to make their life richer and happier.

No one of us has to look very far to discover this opportunity. We soon see our children or the children of our friends . . . and we can give them a better start in life than we had. We soon see our parents . . . and how happy they would be to receive an unexpected expression of affection. We soon see our friends and neighbors . . . and probably their life-situations are quite as difficult as ours. We can bring them new courage and new confidence, even if we cannot alter their unhappy worlds.

And soon we see our community, trying to solve its numberless problems. We can, if we will, forget ourselves and create, within our community, institutions of deep and lasting value. As we make the most of these opportunities for helpfulness, we not only make ourselves a blessing to others: we also solve our own problem of adjustment.

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Beauty Abroad

BEAUTY SPEAKS a universal language, but in each country its accents are subtly different—as can be recognized in this striking gallery of foreign movie actresses. Italians, for example, delight in the fresh, vibrant quality of Antonella Lualdi, who will be seen in "The Story of William Tell."

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IT WAS IN ITALY, too, that Hollywood, searching for a classic beauty to play the queen in "Helen of Troy," found 19-year-old Rossana Podestà —and looked no further. Discovered in a girl's school four years ago, Rossana, who speaks no English, has thirteen Italian movies to her credit.

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THE FRENCH ADMIRE a different kind of beauty—something of worldliness and of mystery, such as distinguish Jacqueline Gauthier. This young actress is a singer of light songs and an expert comedienne, but she also embodies a blend of the provocative and demure: she is uniquely French.

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FROM GERMAN films have come such talented beauties as Marlene Dietrich, Lilli Palmer, Hildegarde Neff and Ursula Thiess. Following in their footsteps is the Austrian actress Vera Molnar, 26, whose chic sophistication is tremendously popular. In five years she has made eight movies.

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SULTRY, the eternal temptress, Sophia Loren, 20, rocketed to Technicolor stardom in one year, from a beginning as a model in Italy's popular magazine romances. One day she hopes to be starred in a musical, but American audiences may see her currently in "Attila, Scourge of God."

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GREEN-EYED Eleanora Rossi Drago is femininity untamed: her feline quality, her fiery performances, have made her one of Italy's top stars, particularly in her great success now seen in this country, "Sensualità." Interestingly enough, producers once told her she had no future in films.

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TANTALIZING Gina Lollobrigida, 26, is Italy's highest-paid star. In great demand by French and American producers, she is currently seen with Errol Flynn in "Crossed Swords." Her elfin, fawn-like beauty of face has also made this Italian nymph a favorite cover girl all over the world.

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The traditional symbol of our armed forces is fast losing respect and prestige

by MAJ. A. M. KAMP, JR.

THE MAN was wearing a soldier's uniform. He sauntered about the bus terminal with no apparent objective but to stand in front of the newsstand, ogling the cover girls.

Occasionally, he would enter a room bearing a sign "Gentlemen." Each time he reappeared carrying a basket of soiled paper towels, which he dumped into a large bag in the rear of the terminal.

A smartly dressed soldier at the ticket counter asked the agent: "Who is that character in the soiled OD's, with no hat? He's a disgrace to the uniform and should be picked up by the MP's."

The ticket agent laughed and said: "He's no soldier. He just cleans up around here. He was never in the Army in his life!"

As early as 1946, soon after millions of veterans returned from World War II, street cleaners, trashmen, garbage collectors and even tramps began appearing in parts of uniforms, the type still being worn by our soldiers. Because Army clothing was inexpensive, easy to obtain and suitable for rough wear, men made it a point to visit local surplus-sales stores. Hunters, fishermen, construction workers and other outside workers took on the appearance of soldiers.

A farmer in Virginia purchased complete uniforms for his hired help so that they would be comfortably and warmly dressed. One farm hand was arrested by MP's for not being in proper uniform. He was released with an apology after it was learned he was not a soldier.

Tremendous stocks of surplus clothing and equipment were dumped on the civilian market by the War Assets Corporation. Prisons and workhouses purchased shoes, trousers, shirts, sweaters and dungarees for inmates. Road gangs from these institutions took on the appearance of Army fatigue details under armed guard.

The real soldier, confronted with the debauching of his uniform—a courtmartial offense in his case—soon loses pride in wearing it. His prestige is gradually being degraded because of the contempt shown for the uniform.

In Washington, the uniform has taken on all the aspects of a political

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football. Modifications and changes have been kicked around so much that a soldier develops mental anguish whenever he must decide whether or not to purchase a new one. His problem—how much wear will he get out of his new outfit before a change in Army regulations requires a new one?

The large number of men who have left the Army since World War II and the Korean War indicates that much of our uniform stocks have been depleted. Soon, more uniforms will be required. Prestige and morale of the soldier will be upgraded considerably when the new uniform, adopted by the Army last April, is manufactured in place of the present drab OD's.

This new "Army green" uniform, attractive and military looking, will tend to correct misuse of the present one, since troops will no longer wear the same items released to the public through surplus sales. However, this will be only a temporary respite until released servicemen either discard the new uniform or utilize it for gardening, fishing, hunting or as work clothes.

Solution of the problem would require a law, setting forth additional restrictions which would apply to civilians who purchase surplus uniforms, as well as to released servicemen who take uniforms with them. The law should simply provide that, in addition to the removal of distinctive insignia, the color must be changed.

There is nothing more distinctive about an Army uniform than its color. Alter the color and the whole appearance is different. Dye it black, brown, green or any other color, and it no longer looks like a uniform.

Until steps are taken to correct this situation, the prestige of the soldier will be parallel to that of the bandit we read about in the newspapers: "MAN WEARING GI CLOTHING ARRESTED."

Lover's Lexicon

INFATUATED GOB: A she-sick sailor. —*Rx-Ray*

OPTIMIST: A girl who mistakes a bulge for a curve.
—RING LARDNER (*Family Circle*)

POETIC JUSTICE: When a man who'd rather play golf than eat marries a woman who'd rather play bridge than cook. —*Cracklings*

DANCING: One of the few remaining activities in which men lead women. —SHANNON FIFE

MODESTY: The feeling that others will discover how wonderful you are.
—*Kreolite News*

COURTSHIP: A period just before marriage when two people acquire a set of habits for which they have no use thereafter.
—*Changing Times*, The Kiplinger Magazine

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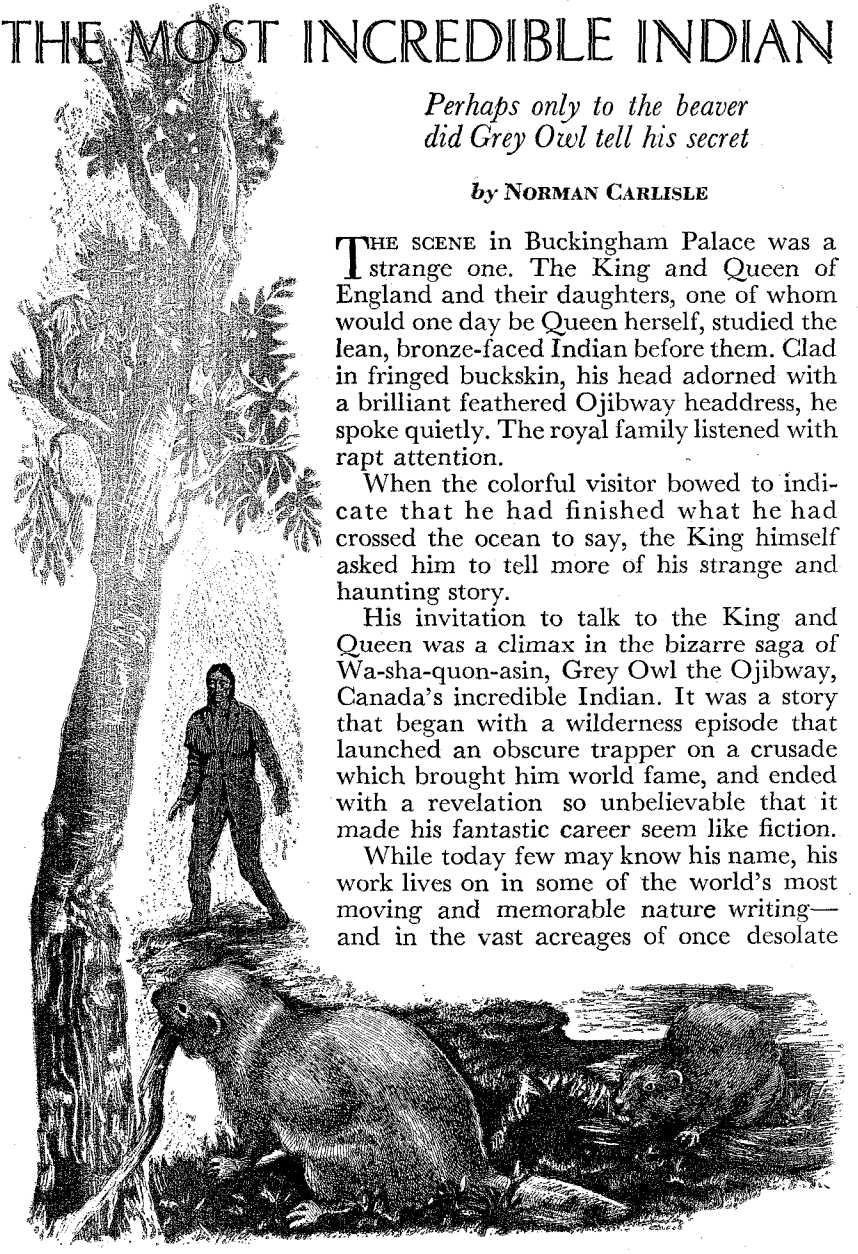
THE MOST INCREDIBLE INDIAN

Perhaps only to the beaver did Grey Owl tell his secret

by NORMAN CARLISLE



THE SCENE in Buckingham Palace was a strange one. The King and Queen of England and their daughters, one of whom would one day be Queen herself, studied the lean, bronze-faced Indian before them. Clad in fringed buckskin, his head adorned with a brilliant feathered Ojibway headdress, he spoke quietly. The royal family listened with rapt attention.

When the colorful visitor bowed to indicate that he had finished what he had crossed the ocean to say, the King himself asked him to tell more of his strange and haunting story.

His invitation to talk to the King and Queen was a climax in the bizarre saga of Wa-sha-quon-asin, Grey Owl the Ojibway, Canada's incredible Indian. It was a story that began with a wilderness episode that launched an obscure trapper on a crusade which brought him world fame, and ended with a revelation so unbelievable that it made his fantastic career seem like fiction.

While today few may know his name, his work lives on in some of the world's most moving and memorable nature writing—and in the vast acreages of once desolate

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wasteland in the U. S. and Canada that are now coming back to green life, thanks to the vision of this lonely crusader.

Publicly, the tale of Grey Owl began in 1928 when a London magazine editor incredulously read a scrawled manuscript. Repeatedly he looked at the author's name—Wa-sha-quon-asin—followed by its English translation, Grey Owl. Could this remarkable story actually have been penned by an Indian, who, as he stated in his letter, had never written anything before?

A Canadian official who made the journey to a lonely cabin on a lake in the Quebec wilderness sent back word that it was true. Grey Owl was an Indian, and he had indeed written the article. He had, however, a singular background for a Canadian Indian. It seemed he had been born in Mexico, the son of an Apache mother and a Scotch father.

As a young man he had ranged the West and traveled the U. S. and Europe as a knife-thrower with Buffalo Bill's famous Wild West show. Then he had joined the Canadian Army and fought in World War I.

Eventually, his wanderings took him to the Far North where, though he was from a strange and distant tribe, he was adopted by the Ojibways. They were proud of their new brother, since his accomplishments were calculated to win the respect and admiration of men who fought for survival in an uncompromising land.

He was a crack shot and a marvelously skilled woodsman and won his name Grey Owl by his ability to find his way at night. As a canoeman, he guided his craft through the secret waterways of the Northland with such skill that parties of prospectors always made him their first choice as a guide. As a trapper, the number of pelts he brought in was always great, for he seemed to know instinctively the ways of wild animals.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

The story of Robert Montgomery, who tired of being cast as a "playboy" and became a major force in TV and adviser to the President.

Perhaps Grey Owl might have remained a simple trapper had he not married Anareho, a slim, graceful Indian girl, descendant of Iroquois chieftains. For the lonely man who had wandered around the globe and settled far from his people, it was a comforting thing to have a companion to share his wilderness ventures.

Grey Owl pored over his maps, marking out trails for the trap lines he would set that winter. To all of his plans, however, Anareho listened in strange silence, only saying "Yes" or "No" when he demanded an answer.

Then one night when he came home with two martens slung over his shoulder, Grey Owl was surprised to find his wife red-eyed from crying. It was his work, she finally told him—the cruel business of trapping animals.

To Grey Owl, who had prided himself on his prowess as a trapper, this was a startling thought. He stalked out of the house, angry and troubled. But in the days that followed, he talked often with his wife about her feeling that it was wrong

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to take the lives of helpless animals, particularly the beaver.

They discussed the customs of his adopted people and how, though they trapped beaver, they always reverently consigned their bodies to the water, even if it meant laboriously cutting holes in thick ice. How they spoke of these industrious creatures as the "beaver people"; and the reply they always gave when asked why: "*Ozaam tapskoche anicianabé, mahween*"—because they are so much like Indians.

How right they were, Grey Owl thought. For the beaver people were possessed of some special spark of intelligence, unique in the animal kingdom. Somehow they had the ability to build complicated dams at exactly the right spots in streams. They knew just how high the dam should be, how to construct its foundations for the proper amount of strength.

Most marvelous of all, they knew months in advance the exact level that high water would reach. And, having determined all this, with their sharp teeth and their tremendous lifting power and their tiny, almost human hands, they carried out the work they had conceived.

As he pondered these facts, a larger vision swept through Grey Owl's mind. His wanderings through the wilderness had shown him that, in vast areas of Canada and the U. S., there were drying streams and tangled underbrush where once had been lush meadows and clean forests filled with living things.

In the councils of many tribes, where he talked to old, wise men, he always heard the same story. This thing that was happening could be traced to the ruthless destruction of the beaver. For beavers would build dams, and silt would pile up behind them, eventually becoming a floor of rich soil in which plants and trees would flourish.

The beaver, Grey Owl realized, had played a prime role in the building of the great North American wilderness. Perhaps if they had played it before, they could play it again.

To him it was a sign of destiny that, during the period when all this was taking shape in his mind, he one day heard the pitiful cries of two beaver kittens whose mother had been killed. Grey Owl's hand went instinctively to his gun, for they would starve if left alone.

Suddenly Anareho spoke. "Let's save them. Let's take them home."

Grey Owl gave in to her pleading and they took the tiny creatures back to their cabin.

Soon Grey Owl found himself completely fascinated by them. Far from being hard to tame, as he had feared, they proved as affectionate and amusing as children.

HIS OWN REACTION to their surprising humanness gave Grey Owl an idea. He wanted to do something to save the beaver, to give them a role in restoring the vanishing wilderness. What better way to go about it than to dramatize the human qualities of these creatures which even he had not known well until he had watched McGinnis and McGinty, as they had named the two kittens? Somehow he had to make people come to see the beaver as he now did.

They would find a colony of beaver, he told Anareho eagerly, and

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tame a whole family. Meanwhile, he would find some way to tell the world about them, by learning to write and take pictures.

In their part of Ontario, the trappers had already killed off nearly all the beaver, but from an old Mimac Indian he heard about vast tracts of wilderness in eastern Quebec where he would find wild game in abundance. It would be a long journey but Grey Owl and Anareho resolved to make it with their two pets.

Their campaign to popularize the beaver began on that railway journey, as fellow passengers marveled at the antics of the two odd travelers. In the city of Quebec, while they waited to change trains, a crowd of curious gathered to watch the strange spectacle of the tall buckskin-clad Indian and his wife, leading their beavers up and down the platform.

When their train journey ended, they fought their way up an icy stream in a canoe, carrying the beaver inside a sheet-metal stove. Once the canoe capsized, and with the weather below freezing they floundered in the icy water. Their first thought was for McGinnis and McGinty. They rescued them and built a roaring fire on shore, warming the beaver before they dried their own ice-coated clothing.

When they reached the spot at the edge of the wilderness where a teamster had cached their 800 pounds of winter supplies, they were still six miles from the lake Grey Owl had chosen. When they finally reached its shores, after carrying their supplies in successive relays on their backs, their hearts fell. There was a beaver house in the lake, all right, but hardly a sign of any other animals, and Grey Owl had been relying on trapping fox and marten to pay back the grubstake provided them by a kindly storekeeper.

As the winter advanced, Grey Owl sat in the cabin they had built, staring moodily at the tiny pile of pelts. They would not even begin to pay their debts.

He was not ready to write, he knew, yet his only hope was to pour out his thoughts and get paid for them. In a painful scribble, consulting a grammar book as he wrote, Grey Owl began to write simply and sincerely of the Indians he knew, of the desolation that had come to the wilderness, of the two tiny creatures that had found such a warm place in his and Anareho's hearts.

Finally he tucked in a batch of photographs that he had taken with a simple camera and made the long trek by snowshoe into town to mail his manuscript.

A few weeks later, the astonished editor of *Country Life*, a lavish English magazine, read a story that brought him up from his chair. He could hardly believe what he read, but there were the photographs to prove it.

In the spring, Grey Owl found a check waiting for him, along with a request for more of his glimpses of the wilderness. The request came at a time when Grey Owl found himself with a heartbreaking occasion for some memorable writing. For one evening, McGinnis and McGinty, whom they had come to love as children, went down to the lake and swam away.

For weeks Grey Owl and Anare-

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ho searched, walking along every foot of lake shore, patiently following every creek, probing every pond. At last they gave up, but they never forgot them.

"That last long haunting cry rings often in our ears," Grey Owl wrote later. "We sometimes hear it in the storm and in the still of evening; at dawn in the song of the birds and in the melancholy calling of a loon, half-heard and distant in the night. It wails in the minor cadences of an Indian chant; it mutters in the sound of sleepy streams, and murmurs in the rumor of the river, in the endless tolling of the waves upon a lake-shore."

HAUNTED by the memory of his lost beaver friends, Grey Owl set to work taming other beaver. One day he had a visitor, a representative of the Canadian National Parks Service, who had come to see if the stories about this strange Indian and his tame beaver were really true.

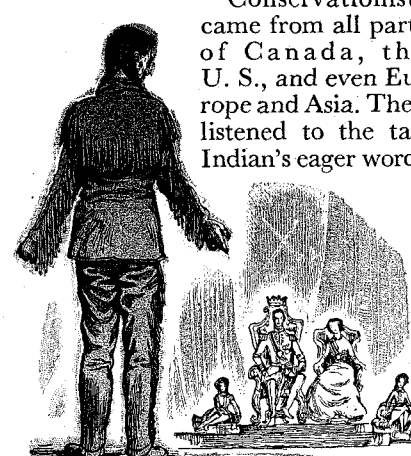
Grey Owl took him in his canoe out on the lake and gave a quiet whistle. To the astonishment of the official, two beaver promptly climbed up into the canoe. Calmly they proceeded to inspect him, climb over him, nudge at his clothes and talk to each other as if discussing this intruder.

The official could only gasp, "Unbelievable!" And that word he was to use many times as he watched Grey Owl's newest young pets, Jelly Roll and Rawhide, in action.

The official hurried back to Ottawa, made his report and Grey Owl received a remarkable proposal. To give him his chance to tell the world about his beaver people, he would be given a section of a national park where, at Dominion expense, he could raise all the beaver he wanted. Moreover, the Dominion would provide cameras, film and crews to help him make a motion picture of them to be distributed all over the world.

Grey Owl's fame spread and people came by the thousands to visit the cabin he and Anareho built on the shores of Lake Ajawaan in Prince Albert National Park, Saskatchewan. It was a remarkable cabin extending out over the water.

Inside its living room, the beaver, tunneling from beneath, had built themselves a home. Ranging through the house, they prankishly carried off chairs which they incorporated in their own dwelling. They even took a mail sack containing thousands of letters from Grey Owl's admirers, and used the letters to line the bottom of another house. Amazingly, the beaver people did not seem to mind being watched by curious spectators.



Conservationists came from all parts of Canada, the U. S., and even Europe and Asia. They listened to the tall Indian's eager words

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and his plea that the beaver be protected and encouraged—and went away fired with his enthusiasm.

Reluctant as he was to leave the wilderness, Grey Owl went on long lecture tours in the U. S. and Canada, speaking to large audiences. The man who had had just 30 cents in his pocket when he first embarked on his crusade sometimes earned as much as $15,000 a month. Meanwhile, he turned out four books and magazine articles by the dozens.

Grey Owl died of pneumonia in 1938. Above his grave, close by his cabin on the shores of Lake Ajawaan, the Dominion government erected a cairn of rocks as a monument to the great naturalist.

That might have been the end of Grey Owl's already curious story, but it had a startling sequel. In London, his agent, Lorant Dickson, who had come to have real affection and respect for this talented client, had an odd feeling that there was something strange about the story of Grey Owl's life. To satisfy his curiosity, he set out on a search that revealed the astonishing truth.

There was no Wa-sha-quon-asin, part Apache, part Scotsman. Grey Owl was not an Indian at all. He had been born in England, the son of Kitty and George Belaney.

Everyone who had known him found this hard to believe. His adopted tribe was stunned. Not one of the tens of thousands of people who had talked with him had ever suspected his fantastic masquerade.

It does not matter now what motive drove an Englishman to play the role of Indian. What is important is that he succeeded in his crusade to show the world that the beaver could be saved and put to work to build up the wilderness.

Today, conservation departments are "planting" beaver in obscure sections of the western mountain country of the U. S. and over wide stretches of the Canadian provinces. Fly over them and you will see countless blue dots surrounded by bright green, evidence that nature's animal architects have been returned to their job of conserving water, building meadows and controlling floods, in the manner predicted by Grey Owl, friend of the beaver people.

Words, Notes and Color

(Answers to quiz on page 105)

1. M, Wagner; 2. P, da Vinci; 3. L, O. Henry; 4. M, Bizet; 5. P, Rembrandt; 6. L, Wilde; 7. P, Millet; 8. M, Verdi; 9. M, Prokofiev; 10. L, Milton; 11. L, Proust; 12. M, Tchaikovsky; 13. L, Thackeray; 14. P, Bonheur; 15. M, Wolf-Ferrari; 16. L, Joyce; 17. P, Wood; 18. L, Dickens; 19. L, Browning; 20. M, Balfe; 21. P, Rubens; 22. M, Herbert; 23. L, Eliot; 24. M, Rimsky-Korsakov; 25. L, Twain; 26. L, Maugham; 27. P, Bellows; 28. P, Hals; 29. P, Corot; 30. M, Beethoven; 31. L, Shakespeare; 32. M, Saint-Saëns; 33. P, Van Gogh; 34. M, Massenet; 35. L, Dostoevsky.

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MY PARTNER, BEN HOGAN

by JIMMY DEMARET

A fellow-professional, who has played against him for more than twenty years, tells the true story of the man who has been called the world's greatest golfer.
—The Editors

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IN THE LONG AND HALLOWED history of golf, I don't think anybody has held a championship by a wider margin than Ben Hogan and I. Through the 1930's, we were consistent winners in the Lean and Low Tournament, which means we had little weight and less money.

I'm pretty proud that I share this title. And we overcame a fair number of obstacles to do it. When I was broke, I was just what that word means. And in those days, *nobody* could spare a dime.

Hogan came from exactly the same setup, but today Ben doesn't like to talk too much about those years. A lot of folks feel that he doesn't want anybody to know he ever was any place but on top. I think Ben just doesn't want to be reminded of the early days.

William Benjamin Hogan was born in Dublin, Texas, a small cattle town about 75 miles from Fort Worth, on (he says) August 13, 1912. I was born in 1910 and I know Ben is a year older than I am. But I think a man is entitled to set his own age—as long as he's reasonable about it.

Ben's father, Chester Hogan, was the town blacksmith, and Ben was one of three children. He has an older brother, Royal, with whom he is a partner today in a Fort Worth office-equipment business, and a sister who is married.

It was just a normal smalltown life for Ben until he was nine years old. Then his father became ill, and on a bleak February day, Ben and his mother had to drive Chester Hogan to Fort Worth and put him in a hospital, where he died shortly afterward.

When the shock wore off, the family left Dublin (where there weren't many ways a woman with three children could support her family) and moved to Fort Worth for good. Ben and Royal had to hustle newspapers in Union Station to help pay the bills at home.

The Hogan family's move to Fort Worth is important if for no other reason than it introduced Ben to golf. There were no courses around Dublin, but Fort Worth had several, and when he was 12, Ben began haunting golf courses instead of selling papers. He had heard about this business called caddying and decided to try it.

In those Depression days, a caddy got 65 cents a round and the rounds were far from plentiful. Naturally, a newcomer to the caddy yard was treated with suspicion and, if he showed a little hesitation, was given the bum's rush by the other boys. Today, when they write about the grim determination Hogan shows in a tournament, they make it seem like a trait recently acquired. "Battling Ben," they call him. Actually, a man never really learns to take things easy after he starts life in the manner Ben Hogan did.

There were schools in Texas but Ben didn't have much time for studying, although he did attend Central High in Fort Worth briefly. The first time he took a swing at a golf ball it was with an old rusty driver. It happened to be a left-

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handed club, so Ben simply turned himself around and learned to bang the ball southpaw style. Small or no, Ben had to learn how to hit that ball at least as far as the next guy.

His answer then, as a novice caddy, was the same he applies to golf problems today—practice. First, he enlisted the aid of Ted Longworth, the Glen Garden pro, who let him use a right-handed club and convinced him that he'd get more distance from his natural side. Yet despite hours of practice, Denny Lavender, who grew up around Glen Garden and went on to become golf instructor at the U. S. Military Academy, remembers Ben as one of the poorest-looking golf prospects he had ever seen.

"He didn't do a single thing right," Denny recalls.

With the grim face of a man many years his senior, Ben would go out on the course after his days' work and hit hours of golf balls. His determination paid off in a Christmas Day caddy tournament in the middle 1920's, in which Ben tied Byron Nelson in a big local upset. "I guess that was one of my first big achievements with a golf stick," Ben says today. "After it was over, the other caddies went to a Christmas party. But I felt that I'd already had my party when I tied Nelson."

While Hogan was learning the game in those early years, there was a young boy in Houston who was facing many of the same problems. I, James Demaret, was one of five boys, and we all sold papers.

One fateful day, I walked past the Camp Logan Army Hospital golf course and watched wounded soldiers—World War I had just ended—knocking golf balls around. I forgot peddling newspapers and took up caddying with a vengeance. Then one afternoon, an Army doctor handed me a beat-up pitching iron. Proudly I walked over to a corner of the course, took a few swings—and I was a slave for life.

FROM HIS CADDY DAYS, Hogan matured steadily into a player who caught the eye of the discerning few. He never did win an amateur title—he lost in the finals of the Fort Worth city tournament when 16—but the long drives he was able to hit, despite his small size, and those night-and-day practice sessions impressed those who stopped for a second look.

One such impressed spectator was Ted Longworth, who took Ralph Guldahl and Hogan to a local tournament at St. Louis in 1931. Hogan didn't finish in the money. And from 1931 until 1940, he won only one tournament. Time and again he found himself without money and, on a lot of occasions, without hope. Finally he went back with Longworth, who had become part owner of the Oakhurst public course outside Fort Worth.

"Few people ever came out there to play," Ben recalls, "but it did one thing for me. I could practice four hours every morning."

Today, whenever we talk over those early years, Ben will recall one thing. "Remember what you could get to eat in a diner in those days, Jimmy?" Then he looks at me, wistful-like. "For 15 cents—just 15 cents—I used to order two eggs, sausage, potatoes, toast and coffee!"

When Ben came off the 1934

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tour, he made a move which I am positive has been a major factor in his career as a professional golfer. He married Valerie Fox, a girl he had met at Sunday school back in Dublin when he was 12 and had known ever since. Valerie is a girl who is blessed with strong insight and sure knowledge of what her husband needs from her. In my opinion, Valerie has been one of Ben's secret weapons ever since. She is as fine a woman as it has ever been my privilege to meet.

NOW THAT HE WAS a married man with responsibilities, Ben gave up tours and worked at several jobs around Fort Worth. Then a chance came along for him to take a "stick man's" job at a Fort Worth gaming house. His brief career as a croupier and card dealer is one part of his life you can't get Ben even to whisper about today. Why he feels this way I don't know, but I can say one thing for sure: he has nothing to be ashamed of. Some of my best friends are croupiers.

During the 1936 tour, Hogan stuck it out at Fort Worth while Demaret played with the losers on the tournament trail. But Ben was getting his spirits and funds in order for a big try in 1937. He had Valerie with him now—at the General Brock Open at Niagara Falls, in May, 1937.

"I've got the secret of this game now," I remember Ben telling me. But if Ben had found "the secret" he lost it again immediately. It was the same story, and a heartbreaking one, for the Hogans. They reached Oakland, California, in late February with $5 in the family coffers. Grimly, Ben went out to the course and worked until dusk made it impossible for him to see his practice shots. This was the make-or-break test for the little man.

"If I don't win here, we'll sell the car and go home," Ben promised his wife.

Ben played his heart out. With his wife holding all their money—less than a dollar—Ben finished the fourth round with a very respectable 280, good for a tie for sixth place. But, more important, he collected $380.

When Ben speaks of those early days, he just says, "They were real rough," and lets it go at that. When you examine his record and count the number of money finishes, you begin to wonder how he managed to live through those lean years. The answer is an intangible one—faith. Here is a man who had more faith in what he could do with a golf stick than most people have in the future of mankind.

The next time the world heard from Hogan was in 1940 at Pinehurst, where the North and South Open was held. With his new fading drive and a sharper putting game, he slammed the ball around with such force and accuracy that he earned his first major individual victory with a score of 277—a record for the event.

That Pinehurst victory spelled out the arrival of Ben Hogan, unbeatable golfer. I remember that North and South clearly and my thoughts on the occasion. "I don't

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think," I said to a friend after it was over, "that there are many golfers who are going to be able to beat Hogan from now on. He is just about ready to take charge."

Once on the winning trail, he was there for good. In 39 tournaments, he finished lower than fifth only once, and came away from the tour with $18,358 in winnings. In 1942, Ben was leading money winner again, earning $13,143. But at this point his immediate future was being decided in Berlin and Tokyo. Ben went into the Army Air Corps and both of us put in a few frustrating years—as did a few million other Americans.

For Hogan, the news that Byron Nelson was ruling golf with an iron hand was an added bit of frustration. Byron was unable to serve his nation because of a dangerous case of hemophilia. For Ben, the thought that somebody else was on top of the golf heap was a galling one. He said, openly, that he wanted to see how Nelson would make out when the war ended, and the Sam Sneads and Lloyd Mangrums and the other top pros came back.

That was a typical Hogan remark. He didn't mean to detract a thing from the reputation of Nelson, an old friend and a fine golfer. But Ben, a proud and fierce competitor, just couldn't sit still with the thought that somebody—anybody—was ruling the golf world when he wasn't around to contest it.

He got his chance just after the war, in the latter part of 1945 and early in 1946. His game was as good as ever. In 1947, Hogan was becoming more and more impossible to beat. But one victory kept eluding him—the U. S. Open—which carries with it a special prestige that no other tournament can boast. But why Hogan had to pick 1948 as his first year to win the Open is something I shall never know.

It was held at the Riviera Country Club at Los Angeles, and afterward a local newspaper renamed the course "Hogan's Alley." Ben shot a winning total of 276, five strokes under the record set by Guldahl in 1937. It was also two strokes under the record which had been set earlier that same day by one Jimmy Demaret. But why dwell on such memories?

Next time Hogan was forced to make a comeback, it was of a very different nature. After a terrible automobile accident, he pulled together a broken and pain-racked body, learned to walk and move about again, hit another million balls off the practice tee, gradually regained his strength and skill, and started a second, even greater, golfing career.

THEY HAVE TO PULL out all the stops and run down a long list of adjectives to describe this one—stirring . . . unbelievable . . . great . . . magnificent. But I have a different feeling about Ben and the accident. Perhaps that's only natural, since I was pretty close to it.

On Wednesday, February 2, 1949, the Hogans were driving from Phoenix to Fort Worth. A heavy fog clung to Highway 80, which runs across the dusty plains of West Texas. Ben and Valerie were 119 miles outside of El Paso at a tiny place called Van Horn, and he was carefully picking his way through the fog at ten miles an hour.

It was hard to see anything other

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than the few feet of concrete road directly in front of the car, but Ben did make out the headlights of an oncoming truck in the opposite lane. Those two headlights suddenly became four as a ten-ton bus swerved out to pass the truck and roared directly at the Hogans. It was only a two-lane highway and off the road to Ben's right was a deep culvert.

The big bus rolled forward at a high speed, the driver never appearing to see the Hogan car. Ben didn't have a chance to avoid the head-on collision. At the last moment, he let go of the wheel and threw his body in front of Valerie just as the bus smashed into them.

As it turned out, that move saved his life and probably hers. With the crunch of ripping metal and the screeching of brakes, the bus and car collided, and the steering wheel of Ben's car whistled straight back and buried itself in the seat.

If Hogan had stayed behind the wheel and had not tried to protect his wife, he would have been impaled on the steering apparatus and undoubtedly killed. The truck swerved off the highway and another car ran into it. A fifth vehicle, blinded by the fog, slammed into the tangled mass of truck, bus and cars.

Valerie came out of semi-consciousness with Ben's head in her lap. She herself was only bruised, but her husband lay motionless on the ground. From the little knot of people surrounding them, a voice said, "He's dead." Then somebody else came over and put a blanket over his body. As they attempted to cover Ben's face, Valerie snatched the blanket off.

Shocked to the point of hysteria, Valerie simply sat by her husband's lifeless form. Somebody knelt at her side and tried to give Ben first aid. "Where's that ambulance?" another said. People moved away to see if aid was coming. Then Ben stirred —just groaned a little. But it was enough to let Valerie know he was alive.

Finally, an ambulance arrived. As it left, lights winking and siren wailing, I'm told that someone began to gather up Ben's clubs which were sprayed across the road. Certainly, no one at the scene ever dreamed he would use them again.

The ambulance carried Ben's shocked and shattered body 119 miles to the Hotel Dieu, a hospital at El Paso. His pelvis was fractured, as were his left collarbone, left ankle and several ribs. It was four hours after the accident when Ben was carried into the hospital. At first glance, the doctors gave him only a slim chance to survive.

For two days he couldn't be moved, and it was during this time that the iron body Ben had built up over years on the tournament trail squared off with—and beat—that old man with the scythe.

Ben overcame shock and his broken body kept on functioning. On his third day in the hospital, they took x-rays and encased his body in a plaster cast from chest to knees and another on his ankle. He was in this condition when I arrived on Monday, after driving from Tucson.

All the way to his room I was trying to think what to say. You know, one of those sunny "get well" remarks, but the words weren't forming. When I walked into his

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room, I just gave him a natural greeting—natural for us anyway. "Ben, just because I beat you in a playoff, you didn't have to get so mad that you tried to run a bus off the road."

The little man got a kick out of it. He gave a weak laugh and then said, "Aw, I'll beat this thing." A little later he said it again. "I'll be back there playing real soon." But the doctors made no secret of their opinion: he was never going to be able to play golf again.

After a week, it seemed that the little man's optimism might be at least partially justified. He made satisfactory progress and after another examination, he was told he could make the trip home to Fort Worth in a few days. But on February 18, Ben lost a round in his battle with those innumerable injuries. A blood clot moved up from his left leg and reached his lungs.

Now the talk was of saving Hogan's life instead of traveling to Fort Worth. The Texas hospital recommended Dr. Alton S. Ochsner, famous professor of surgery at Tulane University in New Orleans.

Valerie called Dr. Ochsner. He was willing to come immediately but commercial service had been tied up between Fort Worth and New Orleans by a rainstorm. Royal Hogan, Ben's brother, got on the phone and called Brig. Gen. David W. Hutchinson, commanding officer at Biggs Air Force Base at El Paso. By morning, a B-29 had landed Dr. Ochsner in El Paso and the doctor had examined Ben and advised an immediate operation.

With Hogan's consent the cast was removed and Ochsner began the delicate operation. Valerie, exhausted from strain and tension, went into the hospital chapel and prayed during most of the two-hour operation. Ochsner did his work well, and it was thought that the operation saved Ben's life—but at the price of his golf career. His left leg was a scarred appendage, with circulation slowed to an absolute minimum.

"THE THREE LIVES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH"

A remarkably intimate portrait of the young woman who is wife, mother and monarch. Next month in Coronet.

It was at this point, I would say, that Ben hit the golf comeback trail a second time. He began the long task of getting himself ready for golf again almost the minute he came out from under the ether. I visited him at the hospital a few days after the operation and I almost had to laugh at the sight of my man.

When I walked into the room, the first thing I saw was Ben fondling his putter. Sitting there in bed, propped up by pillows, he waggled the stick around and practiced gripping it.

Then I took a close look at the bed itself. Hanging over it was one of those gymnasium-type bars, the kind of gadget suspended from the ceiling that I used to call a "monkey swing." Ben's left collarbone had not yet mended and he couldn't use that arm, but with his good right hand he was grabbing that bar and lifting himself up in a series of daily exercises. On the table next to the bed were two small rubber balls. Already he was using them

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for squeezing exercises to strengthen his hands.

"You've got yourself a regular little training camp here, Hawk," I told him. I don't know what the doctors were saying about his condition at that time. As for me, I went away from the hospital with a big smile on my face, certain that Ben was going to play golf again.

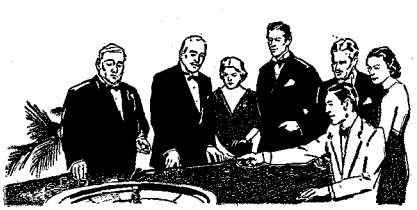
While he was in bed at the Hotel Dieu, something else was happening to Ben. He watched unbelievingly as a flood of mail and telegrams was placed in his room every morning. He heard of the hundreds of phone calls which swamped the switchboard. Valerie began reading off the names of people who had sent him the wires and letters.

"I don't even know that name," Ben would say time and again, with a puzzled look.

Then, perhaps for the first time in his life, he began to understand a few things about the American sporting public, things he had overlooked as he mercilessly whipped himself to the top of his profession. "I never realized how swell the American people can be," he said. And the little pleasures he had never had the time to care about began to become important.

"You can't imagine," he said, "how wonderful it is just to be able to sit and talk with people."

His brush with death had made him appreciate that there were other things in life besides a golf club and a four-under-par 68. The country's honest concern for his welfare, off the golf course as well as on it, changed his entire outlook.



You can see it in Hogan today. Instead of the tightlipped man who so closely resembled an old-time western sheriff, Ben is a more relaxed and outward-going fellow. He knows how to take it easy. He enjoys meeting people. He's learned how nice just being alive can be.

Exactly 12 days after the operation, Ben was able to get out of his hospital bed unaided. It was the first time in over six weeks that he had put both feet on the floor and, as far as he was concerned, it was the appropriate moment to begin mapping his comeback strategy. Several weeks later, he pulled himself, gaunt but smiling, onto a Pullman car, for the ride to Fort Worth.

Back home, he would start off nearly every conversation with "When I play golf again . . ." and Valerie would smile. Doctor after doctor had told her that Ben was never going to play again. But these were only doctors. They didn't know her husband.

Ben planned his recovery with scientific detachment. He was going to handle the situation "just like a round of golf. I'm going to play it one shot at a time." So Ben began the long, painful grind with one of those "walkers" they give recuperating patients, a device which you move by paddling with your feet, like a kiddie car. That Hogan mania for practice—plus Valerie's gentle support—went into his walker, and after a while Ben was able to move about on it pretty well.

For three weeks he practiced in

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it, and then he was ready to solo. The next step was taken, literally, when he began limping laps around his living room. He did it progressively. First he painfully made his way around the living room, unaided five times. Then he'd come back and do it ten times. Then fifteen. The rug began to take a fearful beating.

Next on the agenda was a walk around the block—just a simple walk around the block. But it took Ben days to accomplish it. At first, he couldn't make it even around the house. Then he'd have to sit on the curb before he had finished even half of his projected stroll, and wait for Valerie to pick him up in the car. But he was practicing.

Pretty soon, people who lived a mile or so away could look out their window and see Ben Hogan walking by. Then, a few weeks later, they would see him jogging a few steps.

With the problem of walking apparently solved, Ben began to think of golf. He sat down in May and wrote a letter to the U. S. Golf Association, and it was a bit of a bombshell when it reached that group's headquarters in New York City. "Enclosed," it said, "is my entry for the Open with the hope that I'll be able to play. Up to now, I haven't taken a swing. But miracles may happen. Would you please do me a favor and not release my entry to the press. If I can play, I should like it to be a surprise. I hope and pray that I may play in June."

But he had been too optimistic. By June, Ben was still trying to walk and move about naturally, and golf was out of the question. He dragged himself out to the Colonial Country Club and started to hit golf balls.

At first, he must have been a pathetic figure. He could move his legs very little. He hit the ball from a still position with his arms. His caddy that first day remarked that "he looked all right when he putted and chipped, but when he tried to hit some wood shots, I couldn't believe this was Ben Hogan. A little kid could have hit a longer ball."

Golf writers around the nation were almost unanimous in thinking that Hogan would not play again. "He'll never play again," they were telling the nation. "If he does, he'll be lucky to break 90. America has lost a great athlete." But while people were mourning the end of his career, Ben was down there at Fort Worth, hitting golf balls by the thousands.

The Hawk was being very objective and practical about his resumption of tournament golf. He knew his injuries would force him to change his swing and his stance somewhat. "I guess I'll have to let a little of my distance go in order to control the ball better," he explained.

BY JANUARY, 1950, only a year after the accident, Ben was on the practice tee at the Riviera Club in Los Angeles, getting warmed up for the Los Angeles Open. I was with Lloyd Mangrum and Jackie Burke when Ben checked in for the tournament. When he headed toward that practice tee, we went down to watch him. I had an inkling of what we were going to see.

When we reached the tee, there was no question about it. The little

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man was knocking the caddy's feet out from under him with those dead-to-the-pin shots. He was getting plenty of distance and pinpoint accuracy with every club. He hit seven balls and not one of them landed more than a few yards from the others. He himself still looked gaunt, but the obvious health of his golf game compensated.

All I could think of to say was, "Looks to me like you've been practicing a bit." It's hard to describe what a wonderful feeling it was to see Ben hitting the ball like that.

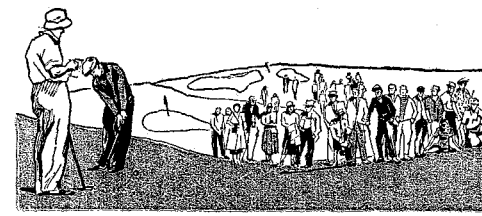
"No, I've been out for a long time, Jimmy," Ben answered solemnly. "I'm just going to try my luck here."

He was ready for the tournament, I found out later, because of a few little items like an 18-hole stint as early as the day after Christmas. Ben had used a motor scooter to get around the course that first time, but soon he was able to do without it. If any doubts remained in our minds about the completeness of his recovery, that first practice round in Los Angeles dispelled them.

We played together and it was the first golf I'd seen Ben shoot since I beat him in that Phoenix playoff a year before. Yet it seemed as if he hadn't been away for more than eight hours.

He walked over that course and absolutely wrecked par, coming home with a 68. His woods were perhaps not quite as long as before, but were plenty long enough. His irons were operating like machines, and his putter was behaving nicely. Ben Hogan was once again the man to beat.

He shot a respectable 73, but at the end of his first day he had to



drag himself back to bed. Despite all his hard work and the many practice rounds, Ben found walking a painful chore under actual tournament pressure. His legs began to drag, his back ached, each step felt as if it should have been the last.

Next day, Ben shot a 69—and it began to rain. The dampness seeped into his still-healing joints and he must have been in considerable pain. Yet you would have thought he was in top shape from his scores.

He followed his second-round 69 with two more of the same for a four-round total of 280, which is pretty fine from any viewpoint. It looked good enough to win the tournament, but while Ben was resting at the club, old Sam Snead was coming home with a remarkable 66 and a 20-foot putt to tie Ben and force a playoff.

"I wish he had won today," Ben said when informed of the playoff. Dead tired though he was, I know that Hogan was a very happy man. He had shown he could play winning golf again.

What happened in the playoff was strictly anti-climatic. Sam bettered Hogan's 76 by several strokes to win easily. But I don't think anybody who saw that tournament had any doubt left that Hogan was back to stay.

A few months later, Ben tore the Greenbrier course as he won the

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White Sulphur Springs event with a 259, the lowest score ever shot in American competition. Once again he was aiming squarely for the Open, to be held over the rugged Merion course at Haverford, Pennsylvania. The 1950 Open became his comeback goal.

He started out with a 72 on that first day, Thursday, and then brought his score down, characteristically, to a 69 on Friday. Now he faced Saturday's 36-hole grind. With his game well under control, he shot a 72 in the morning, leaving himself two strokes off the pace. That, we have learned over the years, is the best Hogan spot. Most of the pressure, a lot of which he generates himself, is on the leaders. They know, and Ben knows, that The Hawk is going to be awfully tough in that final 18.

In the last round, it seemed everybody faded but Hogan, who only needed pars on the last five holes to win. This was the tournament, previously described, in which Ben blew up on the 17th and then showed that tremendous nerve of his by coming in with a birdie to tie on the last hole. Next day he ran away from Mangrum and George Fazio in the playoff and took the crown.

From that point on, Hogan really went to work building up the legend. As he piled up victory after victory, his once thin body filled out to a husky 170 pounds of pure golf champion. And that's the story of Hogan's two comebacks. Twice he was down, once in spirit and the second time, physically flat on his back. Each time he stepped back into the pit and asked no quarter.

IF YOU'VE BEEN READING about Hogan over the years, you've probably seen a lot of negative reports about his relations with people. Some have described him as cold. Others have taken note of his early feuds with the press. Still others have said that he is nothing more than a golfing machine.

Perhaps elements of these reports have truth in them. Certainly on the course, Hogan is a grim-faced, tight-lipped automaton. But take it from someone who knows him well—he is also a fine, courageous and warmhearted human being.

In trying to describe Hogan the man, I am dealing with two very different personalities. The Ben who toured the country before his accident is a lot different from the man we know today. A brush with death, in my opinion, changed his outlook in many ways. There are, however, two notable exceptions to that statement. Hogan is a man of impeccable integrity and always has been—accident or no accident. And through the years, I have never met a man more seriously dedicated to his mission in golf.

People in golf feel that Ben invented the word honesty. In all his dealings, both on and off a course, Hogan does everything strictly according to the truth of the matter. On several occasions I can remember, his honesty has brought about

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a situation which left everybody speechless and thoroughly embarrassed. One such instance occurred at the luncheon given in his honor in New York after he won the British Open. The publisher of Ben's golf book presented him, with some ceremony, a check for $5,000, as a part of Hogan's royalties.

Ben took the check and looked the publisher right in the eye. "A man wrote a book for you in which he said he taught me how to play golf. That man lied!" he snapped.

The incident was written up in several newspapers and Ben was made out to be a pretty hard character. Actually, he didn't mean to be abrupt or impolite. He was simply thinking of the book and spoke his thoughts.

On the circuit, Ben refuses to join any of the card games his fellow pros indulge in at almost every club. He feels that his days as a gambling-house man give him an unfair advantage over the rest of the boys, even if it's only a nickel-and-dime game.

I remember back in 1946, after Ben had won the San Francisco match play tournament, Holly Goodrich and Bob Hudson, two sportsmen from Portland, got together with Ben and me for a little chat in the country-club grill.

Along about 11 that evening, Hudson wanted to play some cards and I asked Ben to show us a few tricks. He was enjoying the company and for once he consented to pick up a deck of cards and show the people what he could make them do. He began dealing the cards around, flicking them out so quickly you couldn't tell how many you had or where they came from. Then he sat back and named every card in our hands. That night, Hogan could have made the best night club magician look like an amateur.

And his honesty doesn't end there, either. Hogan resigned his position as a member of the board of consultants for a national golf manufacturer a few years ago simply because he was not using the firm's golf ball and didn't think it right to serve them in any capacity. It was a lucrative contract but he terminated it. He honestly felt another type of ball was better, and that was that.

HOGAN IS A MAN of his word. I have never known him to give a promise and then not produce. In August, 1953, right after he had returned from his British Open triumph and was at the height of his popularity, Jerry Volpe, professional at the Foresgate Country Club in Jamesburg, New Jersey, called Hogan long distance on a sudden whim. Although he didn't know Ben personally, Volpe asked him to play in an exhibition match in Jamesburg.

Much to Volpe's surprise, Hogan asked the terms, agreed to a date and then hung up. Later in the week, when plans for the exhibition were in full swing, Volpe and the golf committee got the jitters. After all, it was only a brief phone conversation—what if he didn't show up? Everybody wanted Hogan—why should he come to a small club in New Jersey?

A member of the committee called me and I assured him that Hogan would appear as promised. But that wasn't enough. They per-

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suaded two other friends of Ben's to call him long-distance just to make positive.

At the second call he hit the ceiling. "What do those guys want?" he yelled across the wire, "a sworn statement? Tell them I'll be there and that I'll play 18 holes! Doesn't anybody believe me?" Needless to say, he was as good as his word.

Until 1949, Ben was a feverish little guy, driving himself relentlessly from tournament to tournament with a desire to win which blotted everything else from his mind. Nothing mattered except winning, not even making new friends or speaking to old acquaintances.

At too many tournaments, Ben would finish on the last green, grab the winner's check, then rush back to the hotel, leaving the committee and its awards ceremony looking around for the winner. The newspapers would set up an anguished howl, Hogan would read them, and then he would howl right back. He couldn't understand why they protested his leaving right after a tournament.

On the other hand, his critics didn't grasp the fanatical urge to win which was driving him on. He could hardly wait, even for minutes, after winning a tournament. He wanted to hop into the car with Valerie and drive to the next club. He needed more practice, he'd have to look over the course, he was late already. . . . This drive to win was overstepping—but Hogan didn't realize it.

With his usual honesty, he told the writers they were all wrong. He'd call New York, he'd call Los Angeles, he'd call any writer and

VALERIE AND BEN HOGAN

blast him if his writings were critical or even slightly in error. For years, Ben didn't seem to realize the important role the sports writers play. He never adhered to the concept most well-known athletes follow—if they just spell your name correctly, the newspapers are doing you a great favor you couldn't possibly pay for.

After many of us had talked to Ben about his habit of skipping out on the awards committee and leaving reporters emptyhanded, he forced himself to stop running. But even then, he couldn't keep out of trouble. In Oklahoma City a couple of years ago, he finished up the last round of a tournament early. On this occasion, it appeared that five or six others, who were still playing, would certainly post better totals than his. Jug McSpaden, Freddy Haas and others, including myself, were still on the course and were far ahead of him. So Ben went back to the hotel and packed.

But in one of those strange reversals which crop up in every sport, all of us blew up along the back nine and Hogan's seven-stroke deficit suddenly became a one-stroke victory. He was just leaving the hotel for Tulsa and the next

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tournament when the call came through that he had won. It was too late to return to the course, so Ben just kept going.

When he saw the Oklahoma City papers next day, he would have started shooting if he'd had a gun. He began putting in phone calls all over the place.

BEN USED TO REMIND ME of a mole that digs deep into the ground whenever approached by man or animal. Even on the street or in a hotel lobby, he didn't seem to have two words to spare for either friend or stranger. He was all business 24 hours a day—his mind constantly at work on the next shot, the next hole, the next tournament.

But this running stopped with the accident. For a while they thought he wouldn't live, then that he'd never walk again, finally that he'd never play another round of golf. It was a different Hogan who left the hospital at El Paso. He was glad simply to be alive.

The changes in a man that a brush with death can bring about are pretty hard for most of us to understand. Suddenly he found that all this running was simply leaving him out of breath. He'd get back to the top of the golf heap, all right, but without running. He began to take time out for the little things. . . .

Ben changed when he found out that life was pretty wonderful, if you could just live it without pain and fear. It altered his whole attitude toward people. He found out that people truly cared about him. The flood of letters and telegrams he received while in the hospital gave Ben, for the first time, an inkling that people aren't so difficult to meet and get close to after all.

Today, Ben has a legion of friends, people he goes out of his way to see and a step or two further to help. This situation is just a natural development of his personality. Hogan always liked people, but there was always something which held him back. He had an inferiority complex about people. He always felt that the only reason they would talk to him was because of his success as a professional golfer.

That's the sort of deepseated complex much too difficult for men to explain. Perhaps you have to go back to the hard life in Dublin to come up with the answer.

But he's over that now. It's standard procedure for Ben to sit around after a tournament and chew the fat with the boys. And he's made a lot of friends doing it, too. What would appear, at first glance, to be a strange combination —Ben and Toots Shor—is one of the closest friendships in sports. Toots is a corpulent, gregarious fellow whose New York restaurant is synonymous with sports and sportsmen. His first love is people and having a good time, and his loud voice during a sports argument can be heard down at the Battery, although his eatery is on 51st Street.

Hogan, in the old days, would have shied away from the place completely—too many people, too much talk, too many hands to shake. Yet the first thing Ben does when he hits New York nowadays is to pick up the phone and call Toots, then hustle over to eat and talk with the sports world.

One element in Ben's life has never changed, in good times or

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bad, before or after the accident. That is Valerie, his wife. When you talk about Ben, you are talking about Valerie, too. She is as much a living part of Ben as a wife can be.

They met in a Fort Worth Sunday school at the ripe age of 12, and they have been inseparable ever since. Valerie is everything Ben needed to help him to the top—sweet and understanding when things weren't going well, strong and reliable when Ben needed moral support so desperately.

After winning the Open in 1953, Ben made a little speech at the presentation ceremony and in the middle of it, called for Valerie, who was, as usual, just mixing with the crowd in the background. "This is my trainer and partner," Ben said. "When I leave the course I put myself in her hands. She's the reason I won today. I have no other worry except my golf game. Valerie takes care of everything else. Thanks, Valerie."

With that, Valerie Hogan did a strange thing for her: she walked to her husband's side. She doesn't like the idea of stepping into the center of things: she has stubbornly remained in the background, out of the limelight. "I feel that Ben is the one who should get any laurels," she says. "I don't deserve anything and don't want anything." Even when her husband was being honored by the whole City of New York, Valerie managed to look like the least important person in the crowd.

Valerie is an average-sized woman with brown hair and large brown eyes that do as much talking as her mouth. Her whole life is wrapped up in one thing—being with her husband. Yet her interest in Ben's career hasn't helped her own golf game one bit. By her own admission an impossible duffer, Valerie tried golf for a time but gave it up before it drove her insane.

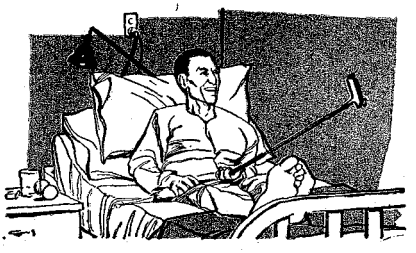
"One golfer is plenty in the family and besides, I just can't play," she admits.

At a tournament, you can usually find Valerie near the scoreboard in front of the clubhouse. She never follows her husband around the course, but would rather just wait for him. But no one doubts that she plays an important part, even when he is a mile or so away sinking a 20-foot putt.

Ben's perfection on a golf course is apparent in many aspects of his personal life. He likes everything "just so." In a restaurant, if a waiter brings a steak that isn't done exactly the way Ben specified, he takes the offending piece of meat back with orders for the chef to try again. Just as he charts a golf course, this man studies a menu.

This dogged perfectionist attitude can be seen even in the way he dresses. His clothes are quiet and expensive. On every occasion he's as neat as a pin. Even his cigarette holder these days is a handsome item of alligator skin.

There is the same quality in his



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attitude toward other sports. I've seen him sit and writhe at a ball park when a major-leaguer swung and missed a pitch. Ben has a theory about hitting baseballs; he'd like nothing better than to get a batter and work on him to prove it. "They jiggle the bat too much," he says. His favorite ballplayer, appropriately enough, is that calm and poised professional, Stan Musial.

It is in a business deal that you see the shrewd side of Hogan. Companies seeking endorsements from Ben realize that they must pay the most because they're after the best. He only endorses products he knows to be the finest. His search for perfectionism in Hollywood, when Twentieth Century-Fox was making the "Follow the Sun" movie, almost caused Director Sidney Lanfield to jump from a bridge.

In the first place, Ben refused to sign a contract until the movie was finished. He just didn't want his life misinterpreted, and he personally was going to make sure it wasn't. He stayed right in Hollywood, most of the time on the set, bothering the life out of everybody. "That doesn't look like me at all. I'd never do a thing like that," he snapped one day at Glenn Ford, who played his part. "Go home and practice that scene!"

When the movie people got exasperated, Ben would tell them simply, "I don't need this movie. I can go home to Texas and forget all about it. I have no contract."

He completely ran the show. I know, because I "acted" in the movie. My frank opinion, after sitting through a showing of the film, was that he should have left directing to the professionals. But you had to respect his attitude. This was the story of his life—and Ben wanted it to be accurate.

Despite his run-ins with the director, he made such a hit with Lanfield that the latter flew to Carnoustie to see the final rounds of the British Open. There is something about the plain guts and stubborn honesty of Ben that wins the admiration of even those he is opposing.

Another thing has become apparent since his accident. Ben has a deep respect for the one Being who is a lot bigger than all of us combined. "I couldn't have done a thing—I wouldn't even be alive—except for God's help," he says.

Ben Hogan is a Methodist and he is following religion closely these days. Not in any stuffy manner, but in the coherent, deep faith of a person who knows what the Lord did for him.

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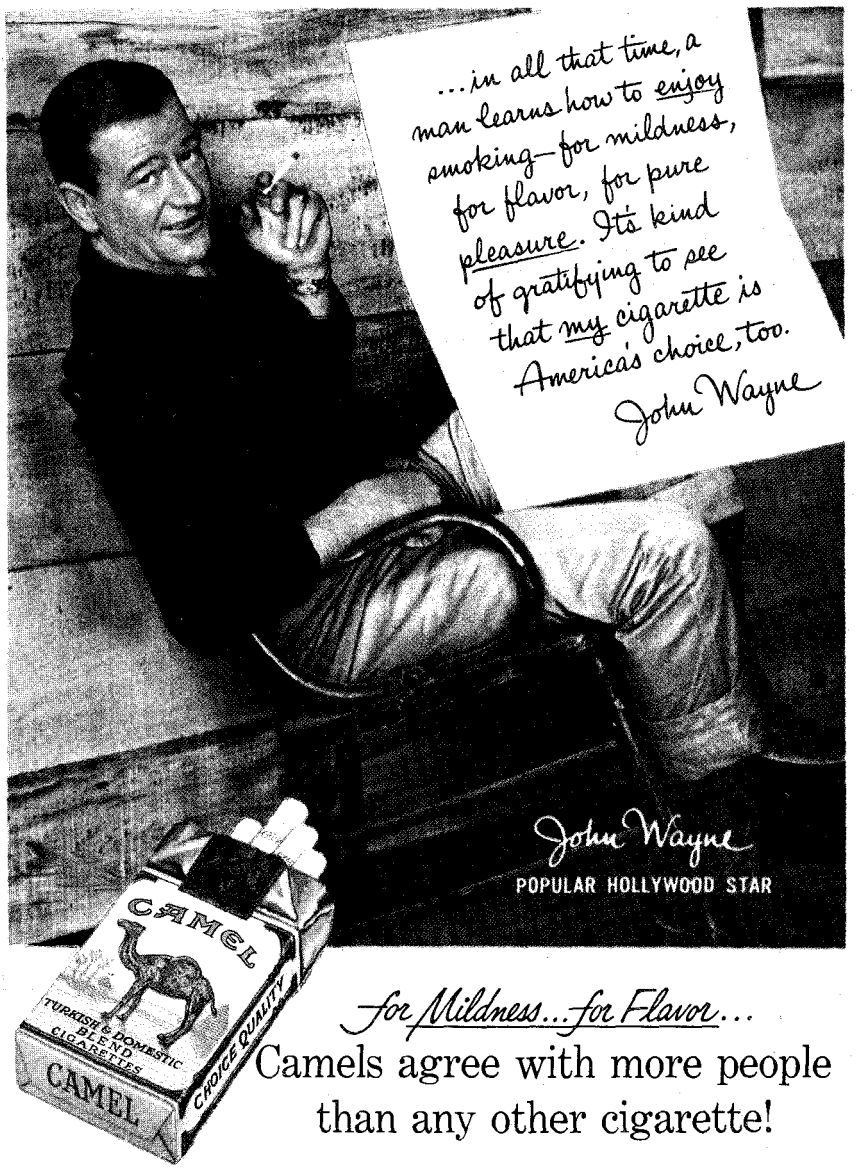
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